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The Irish Catholic University Question.

THE Queen's Speech is silent about the need of a Catholic University for Ireland. This was anticipated, but is disappointing none the less, for each fresh year of delay in removing the acknowledged grievance is an irreparable injury done to a year's yield of young Irish students, who must have their University education either now or never. Still, recent occurrences, above all, Mr. Arthur Balfour's letter to Mr. Orrell, have done much towards convincing the British public of the reasonableness of what is asked, and may have a notable effect on the opinion which, before the Session is over, the House of Commons will most certainly be asked to express on the subject. Meanwhile, we in this country must do our best to assist our fellow-Catholics of the sister isle, by acquainting ourselves thoroughly with the details of the question, and pressing them on others according to our opportunities.

That the present state of things is unsatisfactory is beyond doubt. There are the three Queen's Colleges, of Belfast, Cork, and Dublin, founded in 1849. They are in the enjoyment of a very considerable endowment—one which would perhaps suffice, or more than suffice, to set on a sound footing the Catholic University now asked for—for they divide among themselves an income composed of £21,000 a year, charged to the Consolidated Fund, and an annual Parliamentary grant averaging about £15,000. And yet, because founded on what is absurdly called the undenominational principle, they have failed utterly in fulfilling the purpose for which they were established. They were established to meet the wants of the Catholic majority—to satisfy which it was at last recognized that a Protestant institution, like the University of Dublin, was of no use—and yet they have never attracted an appreciable number of Catholic students. The Parliament which established them was warned that this would be the result, and the warning has

proved true. Queen's College, Belfast, has become to all intents and purposes a Presbyterian College, thereby supplying a real need, whilst the Colleges at Cork and Galway are provided each with an excellent staff of Professors, whose mission is to teach a wholly inadequate number of pupils, mostly Protestant.

Originally, these three Queen's Colleges were made the component members, the sole component members, of the Queen's University of Ireland. But in 1881, it was felt that something at all events must be done to satisfy the demands of the Catholics, who could now point to the institution of the Queen's Colleges as having aggravated instead of removing the glaring injustice. The history of the Supplemental Charter, of Lord Mayo's negotiations with the Catholic Bishops regarding a direct charter to the Catholic University on St. Stephen's Green, and of Mr. Gladstone's Bill in 1874, which wrecked his Government, shows that statesmen of both parties had already recognized the urgent necessity of dealing with the Catholic claims. But Mr. Disraeli knew he must count with the bigotry of large sections of his supporters, and so tried an expedient of half measures. The Queen's University, which enjoined attendance at one of the Queen's Colleges, was abolished, and there was substituted for it the Royal University of Ireland, an Examining University resembling the University of London. The Senate of the new University was composed of Catholics and non-Catholics in equal numbers. The Queen's Colleges remained as they were as regards endowments, but were affiliated to the newly constituted University. Other Colleges, however, could now be affiliated, and University College, Dublin, was in fact so affiliated. This College was the one survival of the abortive Catholic University, founded by voluntary contributions, apart from the State, in 1851. It was conducted on Catholic principles, and was therefore acceptable to the Catholics of Ireland, but it was languishing at the time for want of funds. This want, therefore, to make their scheme to some extent tolerable, the Government endeavoured to supply by a sort of indirect endowment. An endowment was provided for a certain number of Fellowships of the Royal University, the appointment to which, after the first instance, was to be with its Senate. These were open to all comers, free from all religious tests, but there was a tacit understanding that they should be given subject to the condition of teaching in some College affiliated to the Royal

University, and on this plan fifteen Fellowships have been regularly assigned to the Catholic University College on Stephen's Green. But how glaring even then is the disproportion between this indirect endowment accorded to the one College which is acceptable to four-fifths of the people of Ireland, and that accorded to the three other Colleges under the Royal University, which are acceptable only to the remaining fifth, £36,000 (and more if we include various building and supplementary grants) to the three Queen's Colleges, and £4,000 at the utmost to the one Catholic College. Unless this large endowment of the Queen's College is vastly too much, the paltry £4,000 a year at the service of the Catholic University College must be vastly too little. Yet, as if to show still more that it is absurdly too little, just at the moment when we write, the Queen's College, Belfast, is crying out for more. At a meeting of its Corporation the other day, says *The Times* for February 13th, six resolutions were passed and sent to the Lord Lieutenant and others, of which the first and third are as follows:

1. That in our opinion the present provision for University education in Ireland is unsatisfactory. 3. That in any re-settlement of the University system of Ireland it is essential that in this College provision should be made for the endowment of new chairs, especially those required to meet the peculiar needs of this community, for the appointment of assistants and demonstrators, for additional laboratories, for museums of science, art, and antiquities, for more liberal additions to the library, and for facilities of research. The want of these at present seriously impairs the efficiency and lowers the *status* of this College as a place of learning and education.

The unfairness of this pecuniary allotment comes out still more strikingly when we compare the results attained by the four Colleges respectively in the Examination lists of the University. We have before us the following statistics for the years 1883-4 and 1896-7, 1883-4 being the first year of University College under its new condition of incorporation into the Royal University:

GENERAL SUMMARY—HONOURS AND PRIZES.

| 1883-4. | Exhibitions. | | 1st Hon. | 2nd Hon. | Studentships. | | Total. |
|--------------------------------|--------------|-------|----------|----------|---------------|-------|--------|
| Queen's College, Belfast.... | 22 | | 32 | | 50 | | 105 |
| Queen's College, Cork..... | 3 | | 5 | | 12 | | 20 |
| Queen's College, Galway..... | 0 | | 2 | | 6 | | 8 |
| University College, Dublin ... | 17 | | 36 | | 36 | | 90 |

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| 1896-7. | Exhib. Scholarships and Honours | | Fellowships (a) and | | Gold Medals and | | Total. |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|------------|------------------------|-----------------|--------------------|----|--------|
| | 1st Class. | 2nd Class. | Studentships (b) | Special Prizes. | | | |
| | | | | | | | |
| Queen's College, Belfast | 19 | 43 | 1(b) | — | | 63 | |
| Queen's College, Cork... | 1 | 5 | 1(a) | — | | 7 | |
| Queen's College, Galway | 9 | 14 | — | 2 | | 25 | |
| University Col., Dublin | 42 | 33 | 3(b) | 4 | | 82 | |

The corresponding totals for the three years preceding 1896-7 were as follows :

| | 1893-4. | 1894-5. | 1895-6. |
|---------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Queen's College, Belfast..... | 72 | 79 | 74 |
| Queen's College, Cork..... | 12 | 15 | 5 |
| Queen's College, Galway..... | 48 | 25 | 14 |
| University College, Dublin..... | 87 | 81 | 87 |

The relative proportion of Catholic and other students following the Arts Course in the four Colleges was, for 1896-7, thus :

| | Catholics. | Non-Catholics. | Total. |
|---------------------------------|----------------|----------------|--------|
| Queen's College, Belfast..... | 5 ¹ | 117 | 122 |
| Queen's College, Cork..... | 6 | 25 | 31 |
| Queen's College, Galway..... | 18 | 35 | 53 |
| University College, Dublin..... | 144 | 19 | 163 |

Could there be more eloquent testimony than is rendered by these figures to the unsatisfactory character of present arrangements, and to the manifest claim of the Irish Catholics for a more equitable adjustment of the educational endowments?

"Under this system (says the private memorandum from which we draw these statistics) the Government, which is responsible for it, is made to say to the many Irish Catholic students who have beaten their Protestant rivals in the 'Intermediate' Examinations: 'We acknowledge that you have shown yourselves the best men; our own examiners have declared it; but unfortunately you and your parents foolishly desire to combine religious training with secular learning; and therefore we can do nothing for you. Be wise, and put away your scruples; get rid of priestly influences, enter into Colleges where you will not hear a word about religion, and you will find scholarships waiting you, to be had for the asking, with a tithe of your present knowledge and industry.' Are there not some grounds for the charge, that under such a system endowments for higher education in Ireland are made to serve, not for the endowment of learning, but for the endowment of irreligion; and that whilst professing

¹ Estimated number.

to be impartial and merely non-religious in its administration of educational funds, the English Government in Ireland is entirely one-sided, and most decidedly anti-Catholic in the real working of its provisions for higher education ? ”

But let us consider what is urged on the other side. The subject is perhaps hackneyed, but apparently there are still persons unconvinced, who say : “ Why not avail yourselves of the existing University of Dublin by sending your young men to Trinity College ? It is amply endowed, and is only too willing to receive Catholic students to an equal share with the rest in all the advantages and emoluments it has to offer. It has removed all its tests these twelve years past, and a Catholic student will therefore find nothing which need bar his path to its degrees and honours. Indeed, seeing how large is the numerical proportion of Catholics in Ireland, you might fairly hope in course of time to swamp the Protestant element in the College, and so convert it into exactly the kind of Catholic College for which you are clamouring. Moreover, Catholic students now resort to the non-Catholic Universities of Oxford and Cambridge under the formal sanction of the Holy See. It can, therefore, be no longer pleaded that any necessary question of principle keeps them away from Trinity College.”

The new departure in regard to Oxford and Cambridge lends an undoubted plausibility to this contention, which has accordingly impressed even a certain number of Catholics. But on reflection, an essential difference between the two cases will be perceived. It is not maintained that under no circumstances whatever may a young Catholic place himself in a non-Catholic teaching establishment. What is maintained is, that it is a great disadvantage for him to be so placed, as the dangers to faith from an un-Catholic atmosphere, if from nothing more, are very serious to the immature minds of youth ; and that the danger being so serious, it can only be risked, and even then only in much anxiety and vigilance, when the necessity is very great. In the English case it has been urged and allowed that the necessity is very great. It is a very great loss for Catholics of the higher classes to be cut off from the advantages of University life ; whilst, on the other hand, for a body so small as the Catholics of England, it would be impossible to demand the necessary endowment for a Catholic University, and probably also impossible to carry one on, even

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if the funds were forthcoming. Numbers as well as endowments are required to give to a University a sufficient standing. But in Ireland the demand made is on the part of an entire nation, which can both supply the requisite number of students, that is in course of time, and being a nation has a right to have its wishes respected, especially on the principle now-a-days so generally acknowledged, that nations should be governed in accordance with their own ideas. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Catholic undergraduates at Oxford or Cambridge, though they obtain there a great deal of higher teaching and training which they can accept, have necessarily to suffer some loss as well. Non-Catholic professors necessarily approach such subjects as History and Philosophy from their own point of view, which it is part of their work to recommend to their pupils. And this may mean at times that Catholic students have to listen with a caution which cannot always be presumed in their inexperienced age. We may endeavour to mitigate this inconvenience by keeping up a good spirit among the Catholic students and providing antidotes to the best of our power. But it is an inconvenience all the same, and the majority in a Catholic country may reasonably claim that their children shall not be exposed to it. Indeed, they may claim more, for they may claim that the State, to which they contribute through the taxes, should provide them with a University in which their children will not only be free from the necessity of attending lectures in which the teaching may be incompatible with their faith, but also be provided with lectures which will treat the same subjects from a Catholic point of view.

If these considerations are well weighed, they should make it clear that the Catholics of Ireland cannot be expected to content themselves with Trinity College, Dublin, under its present *regime*, even if the distinctly Protestant courses of Theology and Philosophy were abandoned. Representing an entire nation, they have a claim to more than this, and besides, the "atmosphere" at Trinity is much more deleterious to Catholic faith than that of an English University. True, it is conceivable that in the course of time the Catholic students, coming to outnumber the rest, might absorb all the higher offices, the professorships, the fellowships, and even capture the governing body for themselves. It is conceivable that, if this should occur, the character of the atmosphere would become

changed from Protestant to Catholic. This would be an improvement no doubt from the Catholic point of view, though not from the Protestant. But such a bait dangled before the eyes of the Catholics is more specious than real. The Protestant party in the College, now dominant, might be willing and anxious to incorporate a few Catholic Fellows with themselves, thus to prove their fairness, both to others and to themselves; but it would hardly be in human nature that they should not resist stubbornly the further stages of such a Catholicizing movement, and as soon as the danger to their own atmosphere began to be appreciably felt, we should hear loud protests. What the ultimate outcome would be, one cannot say, but the predicted transformation of the atmosphere at all events could not be accomplished for a very long time, and meanwhile a most undesirable state of internecine conflict would be maintained.

But there is another form in which the suggestion that Catholics should be content with the present University of Dublin, has been put forward. The University of Dublin and Trinity College, though inhabiting the same buildings, and consisting of the same *personnel*, are nevertheless two distinct entities. The University of Dublin has the same kind of constitution as the University of Oxford, and differs from it only in this, that, whereas the University of Oxford has many Colleges incorporated with it, the University of Dublin has only one. Why not, then, it has been suggested, found and incorporate another College, besides Trinity, which shall be for the special use of Catholics? If we understand rightly, the University of Dublin is quite willing to accept such another College, and even to assist in its foundation by a grant from its own endowments.

Here we have again a scheme which looks well enough on paper, but will it work? It has at all events been considered by those who are responsible for setting forth the claims of the Irish Catholics, and has been rejected. The following among others are held to be conclusive reasons against it.

How is the Joint University to be governed? Is the younger College to be admitted on equal terms with the elder, and is the Senate to consist of one half Catholics and one half Protestants, and are the Examining Boards to be similarly composed? Trinity College would not accept, and could not reasonably be asked to accept, as much as this. And, on the other hand, a

body which comprises four-fifths of the nation would not accept, and could not reasonably be asked to accept, as little as this. Moreover, even if this immense initial difficulty were overcome, how could a body so heterogeneous in its composition be expected to work harmoniously? If the two parties succeeded in coming to terms, could it be otherwise than by wholesale omission from their papers of just those points in an educational programme which a sound University training should aim at securing? This in fact touches the radical defect of all educational systems based on what is called the undenominational principle. Such systems are in reality anti-educational in their tendency. They encourage students to leave unthought out and unsettled, on the ground that differences of opinion exist in regard to them, just the very points which emerge into view as soon as investigation begins to pierce the surface. Of study conducted by such a method, the natural tendency is to mental flabbiness—want of definite views, want of grit, and want of progress towards the solution of debated questions.

Nor can the Royal University, either under its original or its present constitution, be made available to supply the legitimate and crying needs of the Catholic body. The Royal University, under its present constitution, is open to exactly the same objections as the University of Dublin. Under a revised constitution it may be acceptable as a *pis aller*, if a much ampler endowment be accorded to the Catholic University Colleges. On this point we are not certain what the Bishops, and those who with them are entitled to represent the wishes of the Catholic body, would say. But most assuredly such an arrangement could not be deemed, either from a Catholic or from a purely educational point of view, an entirely satisfactory solution of the present difficulty. The Royal University as at present constituted is a mere Examining Board, and at the time when it is being conceded to the friends of the University of London that this status is educationally unsatisfactory, it is surely a hardship for the Catholics of Ireland to be told that it is good enough for them.

Why then should there be so much opposition to the foundation of a University such as Catholics could accept? We are told it is because the principle is now accepted by all parties that henceforth no public money shall ever be given for the endowment of sectarianism. But is it true, that this principle is so definitively

accepted by all parties in England, and if it is, is it also true that all parties are united in the determination to enforce it on Ireland, which detests it? There are other principles which we used to be told, in language not less confident, were so certain and just that they could never be abandoned. We were told that, for instance, of the *Laissez-Faire* system; and yet it is abandoned now almost by general consent, at least in its nakedness—the course of events having demonstrated to us that its action on the poor was cruel and intolerable. May not this principle of never endowing what is called sectarianism be likewise reconsidered, and rejected as unsound and injurious to the true interests of the country? For such in fact it is. On paper it may read well, and we can understand how at one time it was welcomed as a panacea for the restoration of united action in communities torn by religious divisions. But on nearer acquaintance it has been found that it does not fulfil its promises. It undertook to deal out equal measure to the adherents of all the denominations; it undertook to further the progress of national education; it undertook to mitigate the asperities of religious oppositions. In the first of these particulars it has failed egregiously; and in the other two it may be doubted whether its failures do not outweigh its successes.

It has not held an equal balance between the different religious parties. This has not been intentional, but simply because it has ignored the fact that in practice you cannot have a truly "undenominational" school or college. A door must be open or shut. There is no *medium*. If it were a question merely of teaching Catechism and Formularies, the restriction of the curriculum to such Catechisms and Formularies as were accepted by the mass of students, might be such a *medium*. But a school might be safe for Catholics, in which not a single answer in the Catechism or a single dogmatic formulary was allowed to be taught; and another might be most dangerous to them, in which the entire Creed of Pius IV. was set down as obligatory matter. All depends upon the spirit of the teaching. A teacher must have some attitude towards religious questions—towards the question of Catholicism, for instance, which is chiefly involved in the present Irish University Question. Whatever his attitude is, it will be hard for him not to manifest it and recommend it to his pupils. In some subject-matters, no doubt, this dilemma intrudes itself less than in

others, and in some very little indeed. But it is precisely in those studies which have most to do with the formation of the mind that it intrudes itself most—as in History, in Social Science, in Philosophy and Theology.

Perhaps the best way of realizing this truth, is to imagine in the teacher's chair some of those who are known as the most earnest advocates of the undenominational principle. Imagine, for instance, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes or Mr. Perks as Professors of History in a University, or Head Teachers in a school, where, along with others, Catholic students were compelled to attend. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes' paper, the *Methodist Times* (February 2), is indignant at the notion of subjects like History and Philosophy being left, in any future Irish University, in the hands of Catholic teachers.

Mr. Balfour talks much about "the advance of learning," and then he calmly tells us that he proposes to advance learning by excluding Philosophy and Modern History from the publicly-endowed chairs of his brand-new University! Philosophy, of course, includes logic, ethics, psychology, and the fundamental axioms of science, as well as the laws and principles of thought. The whole of these vast realms of inquiry are to be placed under the control of the Irish representatives of the mediæval Papacy. Sir William Hamilton used to say that nothing comes up in theology which has not already come up in metaphysics, and every one who is in the least aware of all that is expressed under the general term philosophy, knows that if the chair of philosophy is placed under the clerical yoke, the very springs of truth will be poisoned and the axioms and postulates which govern all thought and all life will be determined in the interest not of truth, but of a particular sect. The same absurdity is illustrated by the proposal to gag and mutilate modern history in the service of mediævalism. We quite admit that it would be very inconvenient to allow a professor of history to teach the plain truth with respect to the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, not to mention the Guy Fawkes Plot (which the Jesuits are now attempting to explain away altogether) and the hideous memories of the reign of Queen Mary.

And Mr. Perks, in a letter to the same paper, speaks in the same sense :

The University is to be "unsectarian," and yet "Catholic." There are to be no tests. All religions are to stand on an equal footing. It is difficult, however, to see how a University which teaches history and philosophy from a "Roman Catholic standpoint" can be called an unsectarian institution ; or how students, protected against religious

tests, are to pursue their historical, ethical, or philosophical studies. Is the Roman Catholic professor appointed by the Romish Church to teach that Queen Elizabeth was a reprobate, Oliver Cromwell a bloodthirsty tyrant, and William of Orange a usurper, while in the next room Protestant students are either to learn no history at all, or are to be taught that the Reformation, the Commonwealth, and the "glorious Revolution" were the three most brilliant epochs of English history? Pass into the room where the Roman Catholic professor, also appointed by the Roman Catholic Church, is lecturing upon ethics, telling his hearers that under certain conditions lying is permissible, or that the end justifies the means. What is to become of the Protestant student who prefers a different standard of morals, and yet wishes to attend this Roman Catholic "unsectarian" University?

If this language means anything, it means that in any University endowed with public money, it should be an understood thing that philosophy be so taught as to show clearly the impossibility of harmonizing its results with the position of "Catholicism;" that history should be so taught as to set forth "the plain truth with respect to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Guy Fawkes Plot, and the hideous memories of Queen Mary"—the "plain truth" being obviously the usual Protestant version of these events, which makes them out to be signal illustrations of the bloodthirsty spirit of Rome. And can it be doubted that if Mr. Hughes or Mr. Perks had the carrying out of their system, it is in this sense they would teach? They would do it, we suspect, of set purpose; but even if they did not, they would do it in spite of themselves. A fierce anti-Catholic spirit would find expression in their words and looks and manner, would escape almost from every pore in their bodies. Is it unnatural that Catholic parents, who are firmly convinced that such views of philosophy and history are utterly false, and Catholic scholars who feel that they can refute them by the best historical evidence, should protest against the alternative which it is sought to force upon them, of either putting their children under such teachers, or leaving them without University training altogether?

It may be said that fervid partisans are not suitable candidates for professorships in undenominational Universities, and should not be chosen. Perhaps it will be even said that persons like Mr. Hugh Price Hughes and Mr. Perks quite acknowledge this, and would not wish to offer themselves. But what this comes to is that a University Professor to be

properly qualified should be a person wanting in enthusiasm for his subject. Could there be an absurder paradox? Is not the enthusiasm of burning conviction as important as the calm of a judicial impartiality, for one whose office is to train youths by infusing into them not merely a spirit of accurate investigation and sound knowledge, but likewise a spirit of ardent interest in the great movements of thought and action.

This brings us to the second defect above-mentioned as inherent in the undenominational principle. It is a principle which tends to stunt educational progress. We are all familiar with the way in which it does this in the working of the Elementary Education Acts. There will always be parents whose consciences enjoin them to prefer for their children an educational loss to the loss of their Faith, and such parents are the salt of the earth. Yet we know how in this country the working of the undenominational principle tends to the starving of the Voluntary Schools, which these parents, thus excluded by their consciences from the use of the Board Schools, are obliged to use and support. It is not, however, this particular kind of educational loss which we have in mind now. It is that already referred to which results from the necessary whittling down of a University programme by the avoidance of all subjects which might engender controversy. Surely this is a dead loss to education, the cause of which would be much more effectually advanced by a series of Colleges or Universities, each of which was allowed to pursue, and did pursue, its teaching as far as it might wish, freely delivering itself on every emergent question—religious, philosophical, political—and forming views concerning them at which it has arrived by searching and conscientious investigation. Such views, and the arguments on which they were based, would necessarily become known outside and fall under the consideration both of those who were opposed to them in neighbouring Colleges, and of the best intellects of the country. They would become known, apart from other reasons, because it is the untiring anxiety of all convinced believers to win over to their Faith, or at all events to a conviction of the intelligibility of its position, the minds of their fellow-countrymen. They would become known, because all who have any intimacy with educated Catholics are aware that, as much as and perhaps more than other men, they are deeply sensitive to the need of having a thoroughly sound defence to offer for their Faith and its

practice and history. Such views then would become public, and being known encounter outside criticism, which in its turn would need to be considered by the upholders of the views. The pupils on both sides would demand it. And by this interchange of searching criticism the cause of education in the country would be helped far more effectually than by the whittling down so dear to undenominationalism.

To pass now to the third failure which inevitably attends the working of the undenominational system, as compared with a system of concurrent endowment. It was supposed that the effect of bringing together in the same Colleges and the same school-rooms, young people brought up in different religious persuasions, would be to make them understand one another more, and to appreciate one another better; and so to heal the bitterness of sectarian animosities. We are far from wishing to keep Catholics and Protestants, young or old, apart; nor do we believe that that is the wish of the Catholics of Ireland, and the figures we have given above show that the Catholic College on St. Stephen's Green is as freely open as the Queen's Colleges to students of other religions. We acknowledge too that much wholly unnecessary animosity between the partisans of different Churches and sects is due to the want of social contact between them. But the question is whether you cannot have too much, or rather too close a social contact in such cases. "Look at that cat and dog," said the priest, in the well-known story, to a quarrelsome married pair, "see how loving they are with each other—cannot you be like them?" "Tie them together, your Reverence, and see how they will be then," was the answer. Does not this attempt to bind Catholics and Protestants together, in the bonds of an undenominational system, bid fair to be a tying together, with the inevitable consequences of such an unnatural union? The young men themselves might get on fairly well with one another, but the sense of injustice under the bonds of a system so unfair to their faith would rankle in the breasts of the Catholics, and intensify sore feelings instead of assuaging them.

On the other hand, if an independent University—Catholic in the same sense in which Trinity College is Protestant—were to be founded in Dublin, and were to incorporate into itself such a College as that on St. Stephen's Green, why should it be assumed that its relation to Trinity College would be necessarily unfriendly? Being situated so near each other,

might we not anticipate that the professors would seek one another out, and as time went on, become intimate? The Catholic University Professors, being novices at their work, and with short traditions to fall back on, would presumably be glad to avail themselves of the experience of the Trinity Professors. The latter would surely respond, and thus the foundations would be laid of a valuable intercourse, in which each side would have something to contribute which the other might lack. This is one mode whereby friendly relations might be established, and others will suggest themselves, affecting more directly the pupils, to any one who will think the matter out.

We may assert then without hesitation that it is the principle of concurrent endowment on equal terms, which best meets the needs of a country distracted by religious differences; for it is in this way, and this way only, that equal treatment can be meted out to all, without endangering the cause of educational progress, and without intensifying sectarian animosities. And when the Catholics of Ireland claim that this principle of concurrent endowment should be applied to their case in its entirety, they are only asking what equity demands for them. Indeed, even then the lion's share would remain with the Protestant minority. They would retain Trinity, no longer disturbed by fears of future spoliation. They would retain the Queen's College, Belfast, changed into an acknowledged Presbyterian College, or possibly University. Probably, they would retain the two other Queen's Colleges, though unable to stock them with pupils. And to the Catholics would remain only the Catholic University College in Dublin, with perhaps one or two others newly founded, and therefore in a rudimentary state. But the Bishops have offered in the name of the Irish people to be content with less than this; to be content that the Professorships of Theology, Philosophy, and History, though necessarily to be established in the new Dublin University, should be endowed out of private not public funds, and likewise that, although in the first instance the Senate appointed should be so far Catholic as to ensure a Catholic atmosphere about the institution, there should be no religious tests, but an open door left to all, of whatever creeds, who might desire to avail themselves of its advantages. They have stated that they would be willing to have the lay element preponderating always in the Senate; and to allow a certain fixity of tenure

to the professors. Had we ourselves to make overtures to the Government, we should have been afraid lest under these conditions the Catholic atmosphere should before long become strongly impregnated with Protestantism, if not changed altogether. But the Bishops know their country, and must have considered carefully how far they could go in the way of concession. What, however, we are insisting on now, is that the Bishops have been most generous in their overtures. Instead of standing on their strict and manifest rights, they have even sought to conciliate unreasoning prejudice, so as to facilitate for the Government the task of facing the bigots among their supporters.

What then is to be the result? The demand on the part of the Irish Catholics has been maintained now for many years, and will be maintained till it is crowned with success. When is that success to come? Is there any satisfactory reasons why the present Session should not grant it? Things are not now as they were a few years back. The strength of the Irish case is now generally admitted. Mr. Balfour sees it, and sets it forth in vivid terms. Sir Edward Grey admits it, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Carson, admit it, the late Mr. Matthew Arnold admitted it, and other similarly representative names could be added to these; so that it may be said that the question has passed out of the regions of controversy into that of settled conclusions. Of course there is an opposition, and a fierce one, but it can no longer be called an opposition which reasons. It realizes the importance of "atmosphere" in a scholastic institution, for it is precisely on this ground that it objects to send its children to schools where a Catholic, or even an Anglican atmosphere prevails. Its demand, then, amounts to nothing less than this: We insist that our children shall not be exposed to a Catholic atmosphere, and we insist that your children shall be exposed to a Protestant atmosphere. To allow that an opposition which can take up such a position as this is a reasoning opposition, would be to bring the gravest charge against its sincerity. Its real moving principle is in fact religious hate. "We hate Romanism, and, as far as our power goes, we intend to disallow its adherents equal rights with other citizens."

This feeling is ingrained in the Orange party of the North of Ireland, and in that section of English Nonconformists which takes its inspiration from leaders like Mr. Hugh Price Hughes.

We would suggest to Mr. Balfour that there is no use whatever in waiting till conviction reaches their minds. That it will never do. They will remain unreasoning bigots to the end. If the measure, whose justice he has himself so forcibly and courageously recommended, is ever to be introduced and passed through Parliament, it will be in the teeth of this opposition, and if so, why not now as well as a few years later? Surely it is better it should be done now, when the generations now ready for University education may be able to profit by it; and better it should be done now, when the benefit can still be conferred with a good grace, rather than later when it will be conferred like Emancipation itself, only because extorted. A demand like this addressed by the Irish Catholics to a British Government is like an offer of Sibylline Books. If rejected now they will have to be purchased later, at the same price, but with less to exchange for it.

S. F. S.

The Great Protestant Demonstration.

OF the ten thousand persons who "filled every nook and corner of the Albert Hall" on the 31st of January last, "to uphold and maintain the Protestantism of the nation, and to demand the suppression of the Mass and the confessional in the Established Church," one would like to know how many belonged to the Established Church, and whether one-third or two-thirds of them were not Nonconformists, or persons of no definite religion whatever. The natural heads of the Church of England were not there. Prebendary Webb Peplow was the only clergyman of any standing present. One Bishop sent a telegram, another a letter. Thus Liverpool, and Sodor and Man, blessed the proceedings. But the very "mention of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York was received with considerable disfavour." Their Lordships are less conspicuously Protestant than they were at the time of the Papal Aggression. Lord Overtoun moved the first resolution, and "said he stood there as a representative of Scottish Presbyterianism." Pastor Cuff, who seconded the motion, came from Shoreditch Tabernacle. Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., Mr. Radcliffe Cooke, M.P., Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., Mr. J. Bryn Roberts, M.P.,—the only Members of Parliament of any note on the platform—are notable chiefly as Nonconformist champions; and the newly-clad champion of Protestantism, Sir William Harcourt, found it inconvenient to be present. The meeting, which admitted none but "sympathizers," can scarcely claim to have been a representative gathering of the Church by law established. No wonder the *Methodist Times* for February 17th upbraids the Evangelical Churchmen for "not having the courage of a mouse."

Another thing one would like to know is why no such meeting is ever convened to uphold and maintain the Christianity of the nation, such Christianity, that is to say, as was still explicitly preserved in the Reformation settlement. Is it more dangerous to teach the Mass than to deny the Atonement?

to insist on the confession of sins, which the Prayer Book allows, than to countenance in the pulpit a philosophy which sets aside with ridicule the very idea of sin? to take our Lord's words, *this is my body*, and *whose sins ye shall forgive*, too literally than to side with Nestorius or Arius in their view of our Lord's sacred Person? Superstition is a sin, but infidelity is a worse sin, and is not atoned for by lusty cries of No Popery. 'The world knew Him not,' that is what the gospel deplores: 'certain superstitious people, who do know and love Him well, take Him to be where He is not,' for that unfortunate error Protestant England reserves all her indignation.

Turk, Jew, or Atheist
May enter here, but no Papist.

Such is the fold of Protestantism.

The meeting, or one of its speakers, was not satisfied with the House of Commons, because there "the Protestant party was very small at present." Cromwell and the Long Parliament have been gone for some time. Indeed Cromwell took upon himself the responsibility of forcibly turning out what remained of that most Protestant House. Statesmanship and fanaticism go not well together, as the politic Oliver Cromwell soon arrived shrewdly to perceive. Thus the present House of Commons, we may hope, counts few fanatics among its members. In the debate on Mr. S. Smith's amendment to the Address they could only command 89 votes, and had to see Sir John Kennaway and Mr. Sidney Gedge go into the opposite lobby. Nevertheless it is to be invited to legislate. A bill was drafted, an hour or two before the meeting, called the Church Discipline Bill of 1899, which will "compel immediate action against any clergyman doing an illegal act." It is usual in this country to take immediate action against any one, clergyman or layman, doing an illegal act. Difficulty and delay arise, first in catching the incriminated party, and secondly in proving that what he has done is an illegal act. Thus the House of Commons will be called upon either to define the present ecclesiastical law, or to make further law, a task for which the House is singularly unfitted, for which the Government has no heart, which Sir William Harcourt, practical statesman as he is, discountenances in his letter to *The Times* of 28th January, and which *The Times* in its leader, the morning after the meeting, gravely pronounces to be the last thing that

should be tried. The meeting however resolved that legislation should be tried in the next session of Parliament: in another resolution it condemned all the 'six points': and before all it sent a telegram to Her Majesty, with promise of a book to read, Mr. Walter Walsh's *Secret History of the Oxford Movement*, or, as one of the speakers phrased it, "the Oxford conspiracy, now at work for sixty years." Did ever conspiracy continue so long, ending in or to be ended at last by this explosion in the Albert Hall? We loyally believe that Her Majesty will be a better judge of the merits of Mr. Walsh's book than the ten thousand who present it.

Mr. Walsh happily has not sat on a throne nor in a Cabinet, but the Queen must know, what every Minister assumes and acts upon, that it is neither obligatory, desirable, nor possible, to publish to the world at large, and in particular to enemies who are most likely to prevent it, every combination into which we enter, and every reform which we wish in time to effect. Secrecy is not unverity, and the course of common prudence is not specially 'Jesuitical.'

The three resolutions carried by the meeting seem paltry and ineffectual. Yet we cannot consider the meeting a failure. All who were present seem to have enjoyed themselves; they showed their satisfaction by singing 'God save the Queen' in chorus, according to the British Lion's way of purring when it is pleased. There was music that night in the Albert Hall. We believe too that the meeting will tell just where its wisest conveners meant it to tell, not in Parliament, but in the hearts of the Bishops. It will remind their Lordships that they are officially and in the eyes of the nation not merely Anglican but Protestant Bishops. We expect that they will put forward the powers, hortatory, preceptive, and coercive, which they undoubtedly possess. Confession they will not be able to stop. Preaching of Catholic doctrine they will not stop either: it would be ludicrous to inhibit one clergyman for preaching the Real Presence, and to tolerate another explaining away the Trinity. If we may improve upon the Creed, why not upon the Articles? There must be free speech in these days in Anglican pulpits, and free speech is a sword cutting both ways: the meaning of free speech is that you shall permit a man to say what you cannot willingly hear. But Eucharistic Celebrations will be curbed and curtailed: the likeness of the Mass will disappear, and the features of the old Communion Service

will recover prominence. Here the Bishops can act, and will act; and the Albert Hall Demonstration will have won its way. There will not be an end to Ritualism, for, whatever be the mind and conscience of Nonconformists, the flower and power of English laity love an ornate service, and cherish in their hearts some approach to a belief in the Real Presence: but it will be a severe and chastened Ritualism, and, if possible, markedly un-Roman. Thus the incense might burn on the altar, replacing at once the lighted candles and the swinging censer. There is room for great development, if a little ingenuity were applied in this direction, so that not even Mr. Kensit, or any other rubrician, should complain of the service at all resembling a Roman Mass.

The great point of interest which the meeting raises regards the attitude that advanced Anglicans may be expected to assume under the episcopal or other pressure soon likely to be heavy upon them. If we might give the rein to our imagination, and abdicate for the nonce our sense of things likely and unlikely, we could imagine the Scotch Free Church movement of 1843 repeating itself in England in 1900. There may be "some village Hampden" somewhere—we do not know him—in the shape of a High Church clergyman possessed of the vigour of Dr. Chalmers. He will gather kindred spirits about him. They will protest against the interference of any parliament, whether of Elizabeth or of Victoria, with the spirituality: they will listen to no more decisions of Privy Council about rubrics or doctrines: to have their liberty, they will resign their benefices to the total value of £100,000 per annum, or more: they will leave the Establishment, and they and their adherents will designate themselves the Free Church of England. They will draw up Articles embodying the doctrine of the Council of Trent, ever excepting papal supremacy and modern papal dogmatic decrees. Their Prayer Book will be the Sarum Missal and Pontifical, and the Roman Ritual, "with advantages," such as the Office of King Charles the Martyr, and a few corrections. They will be governed by a Holy Synod, all of their own choosing. They are men of position and education: money and ability will not be wanting in their body. Indeed the Established Church will mourn the loss of her most zealous and earnest members, and best contributors to her funds. Mr. Kensit and his party talk, but do not subscribe. The Bishops will be left all forlorn, with the Low and the Broad and the

Agnostic. No occupant of an English see is likely to follow the example of the Nonjurors, and go out to new pastures in the Free Church. The defect of episcopacy might seem a formidable obstacle to such seceders : but it will be easily got over. Some retired Colonial, perhaps : or there is the American episcopate : or, last but not least, the Order of Corporate Reunion would stretch out its hands exultingly to this grand opportunity. The secession would look very like schism : that would be its worst feature : it would be more difficult than ever for these clergymen to boast of 'continuity,' and rail at the 'Italian mission,' which is in communion with more than half of the Christianity of the world. The best thing that they could say for themselves would be that their present position was only temporary, forced on them by peculiar circumstances, by the Protestantism of the Establishment and the arrogance of Rome : that they stood therefore for the time being on a sort of raft between the two parties, but that this raft in the course of years would prove a bridge of salvation for the union of Christendom.

All this however looks very unlikely to happen, whether we regard the probable action of the Bishops, or the composition of the high Anglican party. It is not the way of Englishmen to drive one another to extremities. When there is earnestness on both sides, we end by a compromise of *give and take*. Did the Albert Hall meeting ever think of the danger of wrecking the Establishment by driving the most fervent, the most prayerful, and the most generous of the Anglican body to despair. If they did, as we suspect most of them did, apprehend this danger, perhaps they rather exulted in it, not being Churchmen themselves. The meeting, as Sir William Harcourt says in *The Times* of 4th February, was "summoned for the express purpose of intimidating the bishops." But their Lordships will be quite as much intimidated by the strength of the High Church party, with which party, with its practices and its doctrine, the sympathies of many of them lie, rather than with the Nonconformist gathering of the 31st January. They will be as little hard upon the Ritualists as they dare : still they will restrain them.

And we expect the Ritualist party on the whole to accept the restraint. We know not what ability and determination may be dormant in their ranks, about to spring to action upon any attempt to coerce them ; but we have seen no evidence of the presence of any Dr. Thomas Chalmers there. Comprehension and Compromise is the watchword of the present High

Churchman, indeed of High and Low alike among the ranks of the Anglican clergy, excepting a few extremists on either wing. 'We will leave you alone, if you will let us alone,' is what they say to one another; and their Bishops would willingly leave them all alone, and did so, till the insurrection of John Kensit. The clear judgment and firm will of such opposite men as William Laud, Oliver Cromwell, John Henry Newman, and the Nonjuring Bishops, are nowhere apparent in modern High Anglicanism. The singularly illogical nature of their position is pressed upon such Anglicans by Catholic and Nonconformist divines, all in vain: they cling to every straw that may anchor them from drifting either forward to Rome or back to Geneva. So we believe they will remain, making the best terms they can with My Lords of the Privy Council and My Lords the Bishops: but they will live and die on board of the old craft, the Church by law established. And people will talk about matters ecclesiastical, and do as little as they can help; as the late Lord Derby used to say, "we shall dawdle through it somehow": till some foreign complication arises: then we shall all make common cause in another direction.

For the credit and character of the Church of England it is unfortunate that the present dissensions have arisen. The Establishment had awaked from its torpor. A few of its prominent members had gone over to Rome; the rest had 'adorned their Sparta,' till they flattered themselves that it contained every good thing that Rome contained, and many good things more, tact, urbanity, scholarship, two incomparable Universities, glorious cathedrals, the genius and fortune of a great empire, and a continuous ecclesiastical tradition of thirteen hundred years—to say nothing of freedom from the corruptions of modern Rome, and the yoke of a foreign prelate. Sanctity, which had not been so conspicuous before,—the place of Saints in English Cathedrals having been occupied by sturdy admirals and sea-captains, and major-generals killed at Badajoz or Salamanca,—sanctity now seemed to form a visible halo about the brow of the English Church. Never before had she so successfully met the spiritual aspirations of her most spiritual-minded children. The co-operation of a John Wesley in these days would have been welcomed by the Anglican prelates. Wesley, and, it was whispered, even Newman, would not now have been repelled from the Anglican fold. There was much going on that English Catholics could respect and admire; and

foreign ecclesiastics, dazzled by the unusual splendour that flashed across the seas, saw golden gifts in the Establishment which their better judging English brethren could have told them were not there. There were three great Churches supposed to make up the one fold, or flock, of the one Shepherd, the Roman and the Greek and the English Church; and the latter was the most discreet and the most thriving of the three: it was becoming ecumenical with the universality of the British Empire and the predominance of spheres of British influence. The first blow to this prosperity was struck in September, 1896, when the kindly-minded, English-loving occupant of the Papal Chair found himself compelled to put forward the full weight of his Apostolic authority to the rejection of Anglican Orders. No Orders, no Church, in the eyes of Rome and Constantinople, and even of Canterbury. The immediate effect of the Bull, *Apostolicæ Curiæ*, was to exalt High Church pretensions higher and wider than they had ever spread before. The two Archbishops replied, to the end "that the truth might be made known to our venerable brother Pope Leo XIII.," informing him, among other things, that "we truly teach the doctrine of Eucharistic sacrifice, and we do not believe it to be [what the Council of Trent had stigmatised as] a 'nude commemoration of the sacrifice of the Cross.'" In this controversy it was the object of Anglican disputants to level up their priesthood to the Roman priesthood, and consequently to make the points of likeness between the two as numerous as they could be made, straining Anglican formularies and Anglican theology in that direction almost to disruption. This provoked a reaction. Low Churchmen were alarmed, and Nonconformists grew indignant. The result we see. What the Catholic Bishops in their *Vindication of the Apostolic Letter* pointed out with courteous erudition, is now screamed in the ears of the Anglican prelates, that the Church of England is by its origin no less antisacerdotal than antipapal; that it repudiates and denies any sacrifice of Mass or Masses, any other presence in the Holy Eucharist than a vague Receptionist presence; and finally denies all Power of the Keys to which any sinner need have recourse, and will allow no rites and ceremonies that seem to body forth these sacerdotal pretensions. Then Leo XIII. was right in tearing off the veil from Anglicanism, and revealing the Protestant.

It is with sorrow that we write this. If High Church priests were what they imagine themselves, our reconciliation with

them and their believing and worshipping congregations would be far easier than it is now. Then they might perhaps more easily come to us in a body; now they must come singly, and every single conversion means a cruel parting. Then, instead of the absurd and indeed criminal alternative of a secessionist Church, if Bishops, pressed by politicians, became hopelessly Erastian and Protestant, they might reunite themselves with Rome in their collected thousands. A true English Catholic will view the present 'Crisis in the Church,' as the newspapers call it, with every other feeling than that of scornful triumph. He is no prophet: he hopes, he prays, but he scarcely dares expect many conversions to Rome to result from all these troubles. Anyhow there is again on the air the wail which the High Church party thought they had appeased:—"O my mother, O Church of England, whence is this to thee that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet dardest not own them? . . . Who hath put this note upon thee to have a miscarrying womb and dry breasts? . . . And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?' What indeed?

J. R.

The Devotion of the "Three Hours."

THERE is a tiny little booklet in English, printed in London as far back as 1806¹—a copy is now lying before me—which professes to embody, to use the words of the title-page, "the Devotion of the Three Hours of the Agony of Jesus Christ our Redeemer, as practised every year on Good Friday in the Church del Giesu (*sic*) at Rome, from the 18th to the 21st hour, viz., from 12 to 3 o'clock, with a Plenary Indulgence to all who assist thereat in the above mentioned Church, granted by his Holiness Pius VI., Anno 1789. Originally composed at Lima in Peru, in the Spanish Language. By the Rev. F. Alphonsa (*sic*) Messia, S.J." Seeing how popular the devotion of the Three Hours has become in these later times, not only among Catholics, but amongst Anglicans also, it seems worth while to devote a few pages of THE MONTH to the comments suggested by this curious little volume. The plan there prescribed differs in so many ways from the arrangement now usually followed, that no other excuse can be needed for inviting attention to the earlier phases of the history of this favourite Good Friday service.

Father Alonso Messia, who first introduced this pious custom, was born at Pacaraos in Peru, on January 1st, 1665, his father being at that time *corregidor*, the chief civil magistrate, of the district. It is needless to dwell upon the details of his life. At an early age he became a Jesuit, and spent many years in the College of San Pablo, Lima, where he filled various posts of authority. He is described as a man of truly apostolic spirit. "His duties in the confessional," we are told, "his daily sermon in the market-place, his frequent visits to the prisons and hospitals, his conferences and literary undertakings, absorbed

¹ This little volume (96 pp. 32mo) was "printed by Keating, Brown, and Co., No. 37 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square," in 1806. The edition is unknown to De Backer and Sommervogel, who only mention two later editions, one of Dublin in 1844, and the other of London (Dolman) 1854.

the whole of his time, without ever leaving him a moment to rest. In spite of the many ties and anxieties which fell to him as Rector of the house in which he resided, he was engaged unceasingly in works of charity."¹

It was not strange that he endeared himself greatly to the hearts of the people, so much so that when the General of the Society in 1705 appointed him Provincial of the mission of Quito,² an uproar took place at the idea of his leaving, and it was found impossible to carry the nomination into effect. Six years later, however, he was appointed Provincial of Peru, and, as this did not take him away permanently from Lima, the citizens seem to have celebrated the occasion with public rejoicings. Father Alonso was also appointed, at various times, *calificador* of the Inquisition, Doctor of the University of St. Mark, &c., with many other distinctions.

As an illustration of the authority which he enjoyed, we may mention that the then Viceroy of Peru, the Marquis of Castelfuerte, who is described as a man of stern and inflexible character, took Father Messia for his confessor, and "paid extraordinary respect to his decisions." The following letter is cited by General Mendiburu in proof of this statement. It was written to Father Messia by the Viceroy, from Callao, in 1725, at a time when the latter was overwhelmed with the pressure of business.

Most Reverend Father,—I forward the enclosed case (*consulta*) to obtain your Reverence's opinion upon it. The matter is so important that I desire to have a safe conscience, and to settle everything in accordance with justice, and I was resolved to take no step of any sort which was not guided by so Christian a rule as is the prudent, learned, and holy decision of your Reverence. I remain, with deep veneration and obedience, &c., at the feet of your Reverence,

CASTELLFUERTE.

Father Messia died in 1732, at the* age of seventy-seven. He is described by the editor of the most authoritative modern

¹ General M. de Mendiburu, *Diccionario Historico-Biografico del Peru*, vol. v. p. 310. Father Messia's Life was written by a fellow-Jesuit, Father Juan Jose de Salazar, and was printed the year after his death. The book seems to be very rare, and I have unfortunately been unable to procure sight of a copy. It was unknown to Carayon, and seems to be incorrectly described in the folio edition of De Backer.

² There were seemingly two Provinces of the Society of Jesus in these regions, one called the Province of Peru, which had its head-quarters at Lima; the other known from its principal residence as the Province of Quito.

work on Peruvian history as a man conspicuous for his humility, his spirit of penance, his charity, and his uprightness. "He rendered many services to religion, and helped to elevate the moral tone of his countrymen, especially showing great devotedness in assisting the families of those who were ruined by the earthquake of 1687."¹

It is in connection with this last-named event that the Devotion of the Three Hours seems to have had its origin. Although unfortunately unable to give any clear authority for the statement, the present writer has a strong impression of having somewhere seen it asserted that the terrible catastrophe of 1687, which was only eclipsed by the still more disastrous visitation which in 1746 laid the city of Lima in ruins, first suggested to the holy Jesuit the idea of propitiating the offended majesty of God, by some conspicuous and public act of atonement. The earthquake of 1687 actually took place on the 20th of October, but six months before, on the night of the 1st of April, which that year fell in Easter week, a premonitory warning had been given by a shock so severe, that it awoke all the sleeping inhabitants of Lima, and brought them out of their beds into the streets.² If I am not misinterpreting the description given in the printed "Relations," our Father Alonso was undoubtedly one of the preachers who bade the people take warning, and threatened them with further chastisements if they neglected the admonition. After this, according to the same account, there followed a still more startling portent. An image of our Lady in a private chapel was observed, on the feast of the Visitation (July 2nd), to shed tears and to be bathed in moisture, in a way of which no natural explanation could be given. I should be sorry to commit myself to any expression of opinion regarding the authenticity of this marvel, but there can be no doubt that the believers in it were thoroughly sincere, and that the phenomenon was repeatedly observed by crowds of people between the beginning of July and the time of the earthquake, and even afterwards. A good deal of popular excitement seems to have resulted, and after the awful catastrophe of October 20th, the terrified inhabitants, fearing to trust them-

¹ Mendiburu, l.c. p. 313.

² See the account printed in the *Coleccion de las Relaciones de los mas notables Terremotos*, &c., edited by Colonel of Cavalry M. de Odrizola, pp. 25 and 199. It seems characteristic of the South American republics, that all the literary men who are not ecclesiastics, are invariably either colonels or generals. Colonel de Odrizola, if I mistake not, is principal librarian of the National Library.

selves inside the churches, half of which were in ruins, erected some temporary altars in the great open square of the city. There the statue was solemnly enshrined, and became the object of much popular devotion. To recall the memory of this terrible chastisement, an annual celebration was instituted on the anniversary of its occurrence, which was preceded by an eight days' mission. The closing ceremony took place on the 20th of October of each year, in the Jesuit church of San Pablo, to which Father Messia was attached, and it was marked both by a General Communion and by a solemn procession, in which the Viceroy, the Audiencia, and the Cathedral Chapter took part. Much evidence might be produced of the fervour with which this custom was kept up for long years afterwards,¹ but I will content myself here with quoting an accidental reference to it contained in a diary written after the still more terrible earthquake of 1746.² Under date October 20, 1747, the writer states :

On this day there took place in the evening the supplication before the Holy Crucifix of Contrition (*la rogativa al Sancto Cristo de la Contrición*), and the concluding service of the week's mission instituted by Father Francis Xavier, a former Provincial of the Society of Jesus. This is usually conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in the church of their College of San Pablo, and during it they preach discourses upon suitable subjects to crowded congregations, with great fruit to souls. And on the same day in the morning, in memory of the terrible destruction caused to life and property by the earthquake of Oct. 20th, 1687, and in commemoration also of the sweat and tears of the miraculous image of the Candelaria,³ . . . there was held in the presence of the Viceroy, &c., the solemn celebration of the festival vowed and endowed by the City under the title of Our Lady of the Warning. On this festival there have been accustomed to communicate in the church of San Pablo as many as ten, twelve, and even fourteen thousand persons, but in this year, 1747, both on account of the multitude of devout persons who have died, as also on account of the large numbers who have left the city, the Hosts consumed in distributing Holy Communion hardly amounted to four thousand.

Now in the impossibility of consulting the Life of Father Messia, which alone can supply accurate information, I am

¹ There is mention of it, for instance, in a little four-page leaflet entitled, *Memorias y Noticias de los Sucesos sobresalientes en esta ciudad de Lima, 1723*; and in the Life of Father Francis del Castillo, S.J., by Buendia, p. 643. Also in the poem of Peralta Barnuevo, entitled, *Lima Fundada*, bk. vi. st. 90.

² Printed by Odriozola, *Terremotos*, p. 126.

³ In this miraculous statue the Child in our Lady's arms grasped a candle. The statue was hence known as *La Candelaria*.

inclined to suggest that in the *Rogativa* before "the Holy Crucifix of Contrition," alluded to in the foregoing extract, we may probably trace the first germ of the devotion of the Three Hours, afterwards practised on Good Friday alone. It seems clear from other sources that certain exercises of piety were performed on Fridays by a confraternity directed by Father Messia, under the name of the "School of Christ," in a chapel of the church of San Pablo, in which were venerated both the above-mentioned statue of the Candelaria, and the Crucifix known as the *Cristo de la Contricion*.¹ The devotion excited by, and the fruit to souls which resulted from, these exercises were evidently very remarkable, and we can well believe that some similar practice of piety, extending over the space of three hours, may have been devised by Father Messia to mark the greatest Friday of the year, the day which commemorates the Passion and Death of our Saviour. The need of some special form of supplication and atonement may very possibly have been further brought home to the inhabitants of Lima by one of the numerous minor shocks of earthquake which alarmed the citizens between 1687 and 1746.² Be this however as it may, we shall do well to turn now to the Preface of the tiny booklet already referred to, which I shall take the liberty to quote entire. I have made no attempt to alter the writer's phraseology.

Alphonsa Messia, an apostolic man of the Society of Jesus, was the first who introduced this devotion at his native city, Lima. It began at mid-day, and continued till three in the afternoon on Good Friday: and so great was the spiritual joy and consolation felt by those who assisted him on this occasion, that it met with general approbation, and afterwards made a rapid progress.

At first the servant of God, accompanied by several devout persons, practised it privately in his own church; but the year following, so much was it thronged by a concourse of people, anxious to assist at a devotion so properly adapted to the day, that the pressure of the crowd obliged him to go into the pulpit. From thence it diffused itself thro' nearly all the parish churches and monasteries of religious in the city of Lima: from thence over Peru, Chili, and Quito; and at length transferred

¹ These facts are attested by the Life of Father Castillo, p. 643; and by an earlier passage in the document already cited in *Terremotos*, p. 125.

² There were earthquakes in 1688, 1694, 1697, 1698, 1699, 1713, 1715, 1724, and 1725. I have before me the contemporary *Relacion* of that of 1699. Even on this occasion sixteen persons perished in the ruins, and much damage was done to property.

itself even to Carthagená, Panamá, México, and other provinces of the kingdom.

But as the genius of mankind is various, no sooner had this devotion transplanted itself into different places, among persons who had not seen it practised at Lima, than there appeared so great a diversity in the books of the Three Hours, that one could scarcely believe it to be the same devotion which had begun at Perú, the method was now become so confused and difficult, whereas at first it had been plain and easy. To apply a remedy to so great an inconvenience, it was thought necessary to translate the author's book, and give an explanation of the manner in which it was practised by himself, in order that by printing and publishing both, a more general uniformity might prevail in the performance of a devotion which was so rapidly extending itself among the faithful in other cities and provinces. Good Friday being therefore a day held in such high veneration among the faithful, it were to be wished that, on so remarkable a day, Christians would emulate with each other in the fervent practice of the Devotion to the Three Hours of the Agony of Jesus Christ, our ever blessed Redeemer; the method whereof is as follows:

A crucifix, or image of Jesus crucified, being placed on the altar, with a convenient number of lights (decorated in some places in so solemn a manner, that the very sight alone inspires respect and veneration), the priest, who is the director of the function, placing himself before the altar, or else in the pulpit, begins by making the sign of the cross; and after having invoked the Holy Ghost, he makes a short exhortation, in order to persuade his hearers how just and necessary a duty it is for a Christian to accompany his Redeemer during the Three Hours of His Agony on the Cross, which, out of His immense charity, He suffered for our redemption; a subject which must naturally excite the most tender devotion. He then proceeds to explain, as well what the Saints have said as what they have learned by revelation, on the utility of accompanying Jesus Christ in His agony, in order that we may become worthy to be accompanied by Him at ours. Much may be learned on this article from Albert the Great and St. Bernard, from the Lives of St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Gertrude, St. M. Magdalene de Pazzi, and many others. Afterwards, the priest having recited with the people something adapted to the subject, such as the *Salve*, or other prayers to our Blessed Lady of Dolours, and all the assistants being seated, he begins to read the Introduction, at the conclusion whereof all kneel and meditate, in silence, on some point of the Passion, whilst the choir, accompanied by the harmonious melody of instruments, sings something analogous to it.

The priest then having read leisurely with a tender affectionate voice the First Word, the people kneel and recite or sing some stanzas or verses illustrative thereof. At the end of the canticle the priest rises, and the people still remaining on their knees, recite alternately with him

ten *Paters* and *Aves*, or any other prayer that may be found at the end of each *word*; and this method is observed at the termination of each of the Seven Words.

We must here observe, that the Director should confine himself so strictly to time as not to fall short of, or exceed three hours: for, as the intent of this devotion is, that it should finish precisely at the time that Jesus Christ expired; so the recital of it must be performed slower or faster in proportion to the measure of the time that remains; and if he perceives that there remains more than sufficient, he may add a short exhortation, or such of the canticles as may be suitable, in order to arrive just at the expiration of the Three Hours. When this term approaches, after the *seventh word*, the priest reads, with many pauses of tenderness and devotion, the last apostrophe at the end of the book. Should there yet remain any time, he says the salutations to the five sacred wounds of Jesus Christ, which may be also found at the end; but if there be no time to spare, they are omitted.

On the dial-hand's approaching the point of Three, all kneel down, whilst the choir, with a tender voice, sings the *Credo*, measured in such a manner, that when the clock strikes they sing, *Crucifixus et mortuus est*; at which words the priest rises, and with a loud and compassionate voice exclaims, *Jesus Christ is dead!—our Redeemer has expired!—our Father has ceased to live!*—Then with great affection he pronounces an exhortation to tears of compassion, of tenderness, and of sorrow for sin; addressing himself, alternately, to Jesus Christ, to His most Holy Mother of Dolours, to sinners, &c., when all finishes with a fervent Act of Contrition.¹

It will be noticed from this account that the devotion, as originally devised by Father Messia, and as practised in Italy in the early years of the present century, differs in more than one respect from the plan now commonly followed. What we are now accustomed to is a series of discourses with musical interludes, the congregation kneeling only during the recital of a few vocal prayers. The original conception was a three hours' meditation made by the people themselves, upon their knees for the most part, points being read aloud for convenience sake at suitable intervals. The only extempore discourse seems to have been an exhortation delivered at the beginning, with, in some cases, a similar address at the close, after the three hours had really been completed. Even in Spain this plan seems early to have undergone some slight modification. The following description by the unfortunate Blanco White, which belongs presumably to the first decade of this century, will be read with interest:

¹ Preface iii.—xi.

The practice of continuing in meditation from twelve to three o'clock of this day—the time which our Saviour is supposed to have hung on the Cross—was introduced by the Spanish Jesuits, and partakes of the impressive character which the members of that Order had the art to impart to the religious practices by which they cherish the devotional spirit of the people. The church where the *three hours* is kept, is generally hung in black and made impervious to daylight. A large crucifix is seen on the high altar, under a black canopy, with six unbleached wax-candles, which cast a sombre glimmering on the rest of the church. The females of all ranks occupy, as usual, the centre of the nave, squatting or kneeling on the matted ground, and adding to the dismal appearance of the scene, by the colour of their veils and dresses.

Just as the clock strikes twelve, a priest in his cloak and cassock ascends the pulpit, and delivers a preparatory address of his own composition. He then reads the printed meditation on the *Seven Words*, or Sentences spoken by Jesus on the Cross, allotting to each such a portion of time as that, with the interludes of music which follow each of the readings, the whole may not exceed three hours. The music is generally good and appropriate, and if a sufficient band can be collected, well repays to an amateur the inconvenience of a crowded church, where, from the want of seats, the male part of the congregation are obliged either to stand or kneel.

It is, in fact, one of the best works of Haydn, composed a short time ago for some gentlemen of Cadiz, who showed both their taste and liberality in thus procuring this master-piece of harmony for the use of their country. It has been lately published in Germany under the title of *Sette Parole*.¹

Haydn's music for the *Seven Words* was originally designed as a series of short symphonies for instruments only. After some years, however, he modified this plan, arranging the music for a chorus, with a *libretto* the source of which has been much disputed and still remains uncertain. In any case, these words have no apparent connection with the *stanze* originally composed by Father Messia.² Haydn³ himself has left us a brief account

¹ *Letters from Spain*, pp. 260, 261. By "Don Lucadio Doblado." 1825.

² In spite of all efforts I have been unable to meet with a Spanish copy of Father Messia's booklet. Even De Backer did not succeed in finding any Spanish copy earlier than the present century.

³ In Pohl's *Biographie Joseph Haydn's* several composers are named who have written upon the *Seven Words*. Before Haydn's time there were L. Senfl (in the sixteenth century; cf. *Monatshfte für Musikgeschichte*, 1876, p. 149), J. Glück, H. Schütz, and C. G. Schröter. In the present century there have been Count Castelbarko, Joseph Lutz, Mercadante, Gounod, and Th. Dubois. The last-named, whose beautiful, if slightly theatrical, composition has been performed for the last few years during the *Three Hours* at the Jesuit Church of Farm Street, London, first published his work in 1870.

of the occasion of his undertaking the *Sette Parole* in the year 1785. He writes concerning it in March, 1801 :

It was about fifteen years ago, that I was asked by one of the Canons of Cadiz to compose a piece of instrumental music on the Seven Words of Jesus on the Cross. At that time it was the custom every year during Lent to perform an Oratorio in the Cathedral at Cadiz, the effect of which was greatly heightened by the *mise-en-scène*. The walls, windows, and pillars of the church were draped in black cloth, and the religious gloom was only lightened by one large lamp hanging in the centre. At mid-day all the doors were closed, and the music commenced. After a fitting prelude, the Bishop ascended the pulpit, recited one of the Seven Words, and gave a meditation on it. When it was ended, he came down from the pulpit and knelt before the altar. This interlude was filled by the music. The Bishop mounted and left the pulpit for a second time, a third time, and so on, and on each occasion, after the close of the address, the orchestra recommenced playing. My composition had to be adapted to this method of execution. It was not an easy task to produce seven *Adagios* in succession, each of which must take about ten minutes to perform, without wearying the audience ; and I soon found that I could not keep rigorously to the prescribed limits of time.¹

In this account it is not very clear whether the meditations were read from a book or whether they were spoken discourses. In Italy, at any rate, it seems that the method of Father Messia was strictly adhered to. None the less, the devotion spread very rapidly there. It is mentioned by Brancadoro, the biographer of Pius VI., that he never failed to attend the Three Hours at the Church of the Gesù, and this Pope granted a Plenary Indulgence, Confession and Communion being of course presupposed, to all who assisted at it.² In 1818, according to Cancellieri,³ the service was held in four or five other places in Rome beside the Gesù, and was known everywhere throughout the world. In England it seems to have been confined at first to a few Jesuit churches, but in the early sixties it was taken up

¹ Pohl's *Biographie Joseph Haydn's*, vol. i. p. 214. When Haydn sold the right of reproducing this composition in France to a Parisian publisher, he for a long time remained without payment. At last, when he had almost given up the hope of seeing his money, a box arrived one day from Paris. Haydn got his servant to open it, and found to his astonishment that it contained—a chocolate tart. "What possible use can it be to me," he grumbled. However, he proceeded to cut it open to give a portion to the servant for his trouble, when out there tumbled a roll of silver pieces.

² I cannot make out whether this Indulgence has been extended to all who make the Three Hours in other churches throughout the world. Beringer, in his *Manual of Indulgences*, makes no mention of it.

³ *Settimana Santa*, Appendix.

by the Ritualists, and since then has become strangely popular even with Anglicans of Evangelical views. St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has had a Three Hours' service on Good Friday for more than thirty years. Many of the other Cathedrals have followed suit; and there are also, of course, a number of the larger parish churches, besides the more distinctly Ritualistic centres, where the devotion has long been popular. In most of these, if I mistake not, the modern practice is followed of preaching a series of seven or eight little sermons, interrupted by music, but in some a space is left free between each Word for quiet private meditation. Perhaps it may be interesting, before we pass further, to give a specimen of Father Messia's original meditations, which for so many years were simply read aloud. No doubt they have suffered a good deal in being translated through an Italian version into the not very graceful English affected by our great-grandfathers, but enough of the spirit of the original yet remains to let us see that, from the lips of a good and sympathetic reader, the little addresses might have proved very impressive. Let us take a portion of the meditation on the First Word:

The First Word,

Uttered by our Saviour on the Cross.

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

Our Lord Jesus Christ placed as our Heavenly Master on the seat of the Cross, and having till then kept a profound silence, opened His Divine lips to teach the world in seven words the most sublime doctrine of His love.

Be attentive, O my soul!—animate all thy powers:—it is God Himself who teaches thee: He will demand a strict account of these seven lessons. O Jesus, full of love for us! O Divine Master! speak—speak, O Lord, Thy children hear thee. . . .

The Redeemer of the world, displaying His infinite charity, raised His obscured eyes to His Eternal Father, testifying His obedience, and said: *My Father and my Lord, restrain the arm of Thy justice. I conjure Thee by this Cross upon which I die, by the blood I shed without ceasing, I entreat, I demand of Thee to pardon sinners the crimes which have placed Me on this Cross.*

Father! forgive them,—they know not what they do.

O sinful soul! hearken attentively to this *first word*. Listen to Jesus, who calls upon His Father (and who was your Father also from all eternity) in your behalf. Behold the greatness of your origin; you are no less than the child of an Eternal God. O Eternal Father! can I then call Thee my Father,—I, who am so ungrateful and guilty a

child? What strange blindness has separated me from Thee? What an unaccountable folly to despise Thy caresses and Thy grace for the vile love of creatures? . . . But how can so ungrateful a sinner presume to return and appear in the presence of a Father he has so grievously offended? Yes, return, O afflicted soul! return—for God is always your Father. I will then return; but—miserable wretch as I am—my courage fails me on account of my iniquities:—my crimes are without number, and I fear lest those looks of love should be converted into dreadful thunders:—it is better to die than approach Him. Go, I say, repenting soul, go—for, I repeat it again, He is your Father; and Jesus, whom your sins have crucified, even this very Jesus, is your brother: it is He who presents you to His Father;—it is He who beseeches Him to pardon you, and offers His blood for your sins. O Jesus—O Brother full of love! do these blessed feet belong to me? Let me kiss them with my lips;—let me bathe them with my tears. What! is it Thou who desirest pardon for my abominations? and is it possible I do not die for love of Thee? Wretch that I am! how great is the hardness of my heart. Go then with confidence, O repenting soul. Go, sinner, and obtain pardon. Behold, Heaven, moved with pity, interests itself in your behalf. Your most merciful and benign Saviour prays thus to His Eternal Father for you: *O Father, behold at Thy feet these miserable sinners! remember not, O Lord, that they have crucified Me, but rather that I die for them:—instead of their sins, remember My love:—not their ingratitude, but the blood that I have shed.—Look not upon their sins, but upon the life I offer for them on this Cross.*

Father! forgive them,—they know not what they do. . . .

Mercy!—O God of pity! for the sake of Thy beloved Son Jesus.

Here they kneel down and meditate on the *First Word* of Jesus on the Cross, whilst the following stanza is in the meantime sung by the choir:

II. STANZA.

I know I am guilty of innumerable sins,—I know it,—and that I do not deserve pardon; but I hear a voice praying for me!—refuse, O Lord,—refuse if Thou canst my pardon, considering Him who asks it for me.¹

In thanksgiving for the pardon our Lord asked for us, recite five times, or oftener, what follows:

Be Thou praised and blessed for ever, O crucified Lord, for the pardon of our sins which Thou hast obtained for us.

¹ The Italian preserves the versified form:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Di mille colpe reo | Ma senti quella voce |
| Lo so, Signor, io sono | Che per me prega, e poi |
| Non merito perdono, | "Lascia, Signor se poi |
| Nè più il potrei sperar. | "Lascia di perdonar." |

(*Divozione alle Tre Ore*, dal Padre Alfonso Messia, S.J., p. 14.)

Make the following Acts :

I believe in God :—I hope in God :—I love God above all things :
—I am grieved for having offended Him, because He is the Almighty
and all-gracious God. I firmly purpose not to offend Him any more.

O Mary ! admirable Mother ! the Advocate of sinners, obtain for
me, I beseech thee, through Jesus crucified, the pardon of my sins,
and grace never more to offend Him.

As a specimen of a more poetic vein we may quote also
Stanza VI. :

*As the lily loses its whiteness and droops its languishing head on its
green stalk in the ardent rays of the sun, when the heavens refuse to revive
it with their refreshing waters ; so, under a thousand agonies and
torments, our Lord bends down His blessed head, and complains of thirst.
Oh, where is the barbarian who would refuse Him the refreshment of the
tears which He asks for.*¹

Here, to alleviate the thirst of Jesus, give Him your heart, saying five times :

My most sweet Jesus feels the pain of thirst : I give Him my heart.

There is, as far as I have seen, an absolutely unanimous
agreement in attributing the origin of the Three Hours service
to Father Messia. Neither is there room for doubt that the
received history of its development, by which it is supposed to
have spread from Peru to Spain, from Spain to Italy, and
thence throughout the Christian world, is strictly accurate. A
difficulty, however, has been raised on account of the exist-
ence, as far back as the year 1624, of a sermon by a Franciscan
Friar, bearing the following title, *Sermo Trihorarius de Præcipuis
Dominicæ Passionis Mysteriis habitus ipso die Parasceves a
Fratre Nicolao Orano, Ord. Min., Lovanii, 1624*. Curiously
as this title seems to anticipate the service now familiar to us,
the book stands alone, and cannot, without further evidence,
be pleaded against the clear tradition and the contemporary
records which connect this devotion with the name of Father
Messia. In the first place, *Sermo Trihorarius*, as used by a
Latinist of that age, might as easily mean a sermon about the

¹ Quel giglio candido
Allorchè il Cielo
Nemico negagli
Il fresco umor ;
Il capo languido
Sul verde stelo
Nel raggio fervido
Posa talor,

Fra mille spasime
Tal pure esangue
Di sete lagnasi
Il mio Signor.
Ov'è quel barbaro,
Che mentre ei langue,
Il refrigerio
Di poche lagrime
Gli neghi ancor. (p. 28.)

Three Hours as a three hours' sermon. It would not, I think, have sounded extravagant then for a preacher to entitle a similar discourse about the Burial of our Lord, &c., *Sermo Triduanus de præcipuis Christi Domini Mysteriis factis in Sepulchro*, where, of course, *Sermo Triduanus* would not mean a sermon three days' long, but a sermon about the three days. However, even granting that the word *Trihorarius* refers to the duration of the discourse, it is possible that the author only wished to recall the fact that he did actually preach on a particular occasion for three hours together. Long sermons were much more in fashion then than they are now. Giacomo Volaterrano, in his diary, printed by Muratori,¹ relates that in the year 1481, on Good Friday, William the Sicilian, of the household of the Cardinal of Amalfi, delivered a discourse on the Passion. "He was a man learned in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and he passed in review all the mysteries of the Passion of Jesus Christ, confirming them by the authority and writings of the Hebrews and the Arabs, quoting their very words in their own language. The discourse, although it occupied the space of two hours, nevertheless delighted every one, both for the variety the preacher gave to it, as well as for the sound of the Hebrew and Arabic words, which he pronounced as though they were his own native tongue. Everybody commended the preacher, the Pontiff and the Cardinals among the first."

It seems clear from this account that the impressiveness of "that blessed word Mesopotamia," has not been felt for the first time in our day.

Still more startling must have been the sermon which Father Evangelist Marcellino, a Franciscan Observant, preached upon the Passion in the Duomo of Florence in 1685, lasting three hours and a half. Cancellieri declares that in his time it was common for Spanish preachers to go beyond two hours, a remark which is well borne out by the satires of Father Isla, in his *Fray Gerundio*.

However, what seems to me decisive in rejecting any claim which might be advanced on behalf of Fra Nicolas Orano, is the absence of any trace that the devotion was taken up by others. Even by the bibliographers of his own Order, as for instance, John à S. Antonio, his book is either overlooked or imperfectly described. The same John à S. Antonio gives an elaborately classified list of Franciscan sermons, and the occasions

¹ xxiv. R. I. 130.

on which they were preached. In this, Fra Orano's sermon is alluded to, but it stands absolutely alone. To all appearance, he had no imitators even amongst his own Order. We are justified then, it seems to me, in refusing to allow that Father Messia's claim can be seriously contested until some evidence is produced of a *custom* of delivering such Three Hour sermons previously to his time.

Finally, there is no difficulty in supposing that the same idea may have occurred independently to two or even to many persons. In Father Messia's case the germ fructified and spread. In Fra Orano's, the idea was still-born. That the Peruvian Jesuit had been anticipated, at least in one instance, and that more than thirteen hundred years before his day, we now know upon unexceptionable evidence. This evidence, which only came to light a few years since, is found in the Gaulish lady's notebook, best known as the Pilgrimage of St. Silvia, where we learn the singularly interesting fact, that in the city of Jerusalem, within the basilica built by Constantine over the site of the Holy Sepulchre, there was celebrated at the end of the fourth century a three hours' service on Good Friday, closely akin in spirit to that devised by Father Messia. It is to be feared that the piety of modern days cannot bear comparison with that of St. Silvia and her contemporaries, but the object of our present service is identical with that of the assembly which she describes in the following terms :

But when (on Good Friday) the sixth hour has come, the people assemble in the court before the Cross, and there they are packed so tightly that it is hardly possible even to open the doors. The Bishop's chair is placed before the Cross, and from the sixth to the ninth hour nothing is done but read those passages of the Scripture and the Holy Gospels which have reference to the Passion of our Saviour. . . . And at the several lections and prayers there is such emotion displayed and lamentation of all the people as is wonderful to hear. For there is no one, great or small, who does not weep on that day during those three hours, in a way which cannot be imagined, that the Lord should have suffered such things for us.

And thereupon when the ninth hour (three o'clock) approaches, that passage is read from the Gospel according to St. John where our Lord gave up the ghost ; and when this has been read, a prayer is said and the assembly is dismissed.

HERBERT THURSTON.

The Vitality of Anglicanism.

IT has been said more than once that no heresy has ever been known to flourish for more than three hundred years or thereabouts, and that even if it lingers on beyond that period, it loses all energy and vigour, and ceases to be a living power in the world. This is doubtless true in many cases; Arianism, Donatism, Nestorianism, Jansenism, have either decayed or disappeared soon after their tercentenary was over. But to argue from this that the law is also certain to hold good in the case of Anglicanism is rather a rapid induction. The orthodox Greek Church, which since the definition of Papal Infallibility is a heresy as well as a schism, shows no signs of disappearing from the world. Mohammedanism and Buddhism, though it is true that they are false religions rather than heresies, have at least this in common with heresy, that they are revolts against Catholicity, and they still count their adherents by hundreds of millions. In our judgment of Anglicanism, the wish is too often the father of the thought, and Catholics are prone to detect in the crises which from time to time occur within the Anglican pale, a sign of her speedy dissolution. One of these crises is upon her at present, and it may be well for us to consider dispassionately her strength as well as her weakness. It may be, and I think it is the case, that we do not do justice to her strength, and mistake for signs of a mortal malady what is really a passing ailment which may affect but will not destroy her constitution and the vigour of her life. It is of course true that she will ultimately perish, but she will very possibly continue to live, and to flourish until the end of the world.

In the present article I propose to discuss the secret of her power, and to explain my reasons for thinking that she will continue for many years, if not for many centuries to come, the successful and vigorous opponent of the Catholic Church.

I do not believe that Catholics generally sufficiently appreciate the standpoint of Anglicanism. They know that Anglicanism

is, in the now proverbial words of Cardinal Newman, "the city of confusion and the home of strife," and they think that this confusion and strife must speedily bring about its ruin. They forget that a certain amount of confusion and strife is no more fatal to a religious than to a political body, if at the same time there is in it a powerful principle of coherence. If its members are bound together by a certain unwritten constitution, if they are all united in a certain set of opinions which are generally, though perhaps not universally held by all of them, it is capable of admitting a vast amount of diversity and disagreement, without its existence being in any way endangered thereby. It is all very well to point to the opposing theories that are held by the different Anglican schools of theology respecting the Sacraments and their efficacy, and it may be respecting a hundred other points which are regarded as essentials, and which would be essentials in a strictly dogmatic body. But the strength of Anglicanism lies in the fact that it is not a strictly dogmatic body, except perhaps on one single point. On all others, or almost all, it allows a large variety of opinion. It glories in its character of a "comprehensive" Church. But this will be better understood if I try and set forth to the best of my ability, and as far as I can in the most favourable light, what I conceive the standpoint of Anglicanism to be.

That our Lord founded a Church on earth, no Anglican will deny. This Church the Anglican recognizes (in common with all Catholics) as consisting of a body and a soul. The soul of the Church comprises all those who are united to Jesus Christ by Faith, Hope, and Charity. The body of the Church consists of all those who are united under a certain external organization clearly marked out in Scripture and handed down to us by a partly written and partly verbal tradition. Here again there is no difference between Catholic and Anglican doctrine. Bishops, priests, and deacons are acknowledged by both to be the appointed ministers of the Church; both allow that certain sacraments were ordained by Jesus Christ, and entrusted to His Apostles and their successors, both recognize a certain inspiration in Holy Scripture, which raises it to a higher level and invests it with a greater authority than that which pertains to other religious books. And above all and before all, both Anglicans and Catholics assert, as the fundamental doctrine of the Church to which they belong, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and that He is the Son of God, truly God as well as truly Man.

Starting from this common ground, we now come to the distinctive tenets by which Anglicanism is marked off from the Catholic or, as Anglicans would say, the Roman Church. And here I propose to put into the mouth of an Anglican what I conceive would be his exposition of the Anglican position, as held by an educated and thoughtful man, who believes with all sincerity in the excellence of the religious body to which he belongs. He would, I imagine, put his case somewhat as follows: "We do not for a moment deny the necessity of some external organization by which those who call themselves Christians are to be held together. We believe, no less than you Romans do, in a visible Church. It must be a teaching body; it must be able to regulate the mode of worship and the ceremonial practised by those who belong to it; its doctrines must be in accordance with the general teaching of Holy Scripture, interpreted with the help of what we know, from the writings of the earliest ages of Christianity, to have been the doctrine handed down by Christ to His Apostles, and by the Apostles to their successors. But we do not find in the pages of the New Testament, or in the discourses of Christ while on earth, that insistency on minute dogma that you assert to be necessary to salvation. We discover in the words of Christ a far greater stress laid on the moral and practical, than on the doctrinal side of Christianity. What He and His Apostles specially insist upon is a belief in Himself as our Master, and Teacher, and Lord, and a practical observance of the precepts that He laid down, and of the law of love and charity that He came to establish on earth. We do not deny that a certain body of doctrine was entrusted to the Church, but we believe that there was a great elasticity in it, and that it was only in later ages that there came in the idea of compelling men, under pain of anathema, to accept unwillingly close definitions and metaphysical formularies. We do not find in the New Testament anything that justifies that claim to Infallibility which your Church makes the very centre of its dogmatic system. We do not discover in the so-called Petrine texts a sufficient justification of the enormous claims put forward by the Roman Pontiff. In fact, to put the whole thing in a nutshell, we regard the power of the Church to define doctrinal points as *directive* and *regulative*, rather than as *preceptive* and *absolute*. We believe that her function is to guide and suggest, rather than to compel, assent. We accept in general the doctrine of the three Creeds, though we think that the individual is not

bound down to every proposition laid down in them, and for this reason we believe that the so-called damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed ought to be regarded as merely the expression of the individual opinion of those who compiled it. We know that this liberty which we claim for the individual conscience has certain inconveniences, but nothing human is perfect, and we regard the Anglican as a good working system, which avoids many of the dangers and difficulties that must arise in a system so strictly and minutely dogmatic as the Church of Rome."

I have stated the Anglican position as plausibly as I can, because I think Catholics are prone to regard it as so palpably absurd and illogical that no man of ordinary intelligence could hold to it, unless he were subject to a sort of judicial blindness. I myself do not at all share this contempt for Anglicanism. I believe it to be, as far as this world is concerned, a good, common-sense, and very comfortable hypothesis. I need not remind my Catholic readers that it banishes from the world the very idea of Divine Truth, and the virtue of faith; that it renders utterly unmeaning the words of the Nicene Creed, "I believe in One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church;" that it degrades the Church of Christ to a mere human and fallible institution; that it renders the heroism of the Catholic martyrs mere misguided folly; that it opens the door to a scepticism which must of necessity go on increasing within the Anglican pale, since it justifies those who are its members in rejecting whatever they please in its formularies, and in interpreting in their own sense even the most fundamental dogmas. In fact, there is not a single dogma which an Anglican is bound in conscience to accept. Let us take, for instance, the most fundamental of all Christian dogmas, the Divinity of Jesus Christ Himself. Every Anglican, I admit, is bound to accept the *phrase*, but the "elasticity of dogma" allows him to put his own interpretation on it. My own belief is that there are hundreds of Anglicans who are ready to admit that Jesus Christ is Divine, and yet if they were asked whether they believe Him to be the co-equal Son of God, consubstantial with the Father, would tell you that they do not see the use of, and are not willing to subscribe to, a transcendental formula, the meaning of which they regard as beyond the range of human thought. They would willingly admit that He is the Son of God, but they regard the difference between His sonship and our own as

one of degree rather than of kind. I remember once asking the Fellow of a College at one of the Universities, at the time that the signing of the Thirty-nine Articles was one of the conditions of a Fellowship, how he could reconcile it with his conscience to sign a set of formularies containing no less than some five hundred doctrinal propositions, a large majority of which I knew he did not in his heart believe. His reply was characteristic of a school which certainly exists among cultivated Anglicans. "I am told," he replied, "that each of these propositions admit of at least four different explanations, and it would be very strange if I could not accept one of the four." Now I am far from asserting that a position so extreme as this is common among Anglicans. But the fact that it is a possible one seems to me to illustrate the extreme "comprehensiveness" which is at the same time the strength and the weakness of Anglicanism; its strength, as enabling it to gather into itself almost every shade of opinion outside the Catholic Church; and its weakness, in that its principle of coherence is almost entirely a negative one, and in so far as it is positive, consists rather of a community of accepted formularies than of a community of beliefs.

The great negative principle of coherence which is the real centre of Anglicanism is the rejection of the dogmatic system of Rome. An Anglican is bound to a denial of that which is the centre of Catholic teaching, the dogma of Papal Infallibility. He may accept everything else, and though he does it apparently in the very teeth of the Thirty-nine Articles, yet the Anglican theory of the "elasticity of dogma" makes it possible to do so without any undue strain on his conscience. In point of fact there are a considerable number of Anglicans, and notably of Anglican clergymen, at the present time, who accept the Catholic doctrines of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, the seven Sacraments, the worship of the Saints, Indulgences, and others besides, in spite of the condemnation of these doctrines in the Articles. But Papal Jurisdiction and Papal Infallibility no Anglican can possibly admit, except a few, who with more frankness than logic confess themselves to be "Inconsequent extremists," and who only remain where they are, because they delude themselves into the belief that thereby they will forward more effectually the Catholic cause among their co-religionists. Putting these aside, the one and only dogma of Anglicanism that really deserves the name, asserts that the Pope "has no

jurisdiction in this realm of England," and that his *ex cathedra* utterances have no more claim to be regarded as infallible than those of any other Patriarch or Bishop.

This is the real and the solid point of coherence of Anglicans, in view of which they are all of them willing to put aside their domestic differences, and show a united front against the foe. It may seem at first sight inconsistent that those who are, so to speak, on the very edge of Roman doctrine, should be willing in this to join hands with those who are on the very verge of Puritanism or Agnosticism. But we must not forget that Anglicans, as such, have not and cannot have any positive dogmatic belief strictly so called, and this for the simple reason that a dogmatic belief can only be imposed by an authority that demands not merely the acceptance of certain dogmatic statements as interpreted by the individual on whom they are imposed, but the acceptance of them in the sense in which they are understood by the authority that imposes them. No authority of this latter kind is even claimed by Anglicanism, though it is both claimed and frequently exerted by the Catholic Church. But a negative dogma, if the phrase is not a misnomer, may be imposed and is imposed on every Anglican in virtue of his membership of the Church of England; for he thereby virtually declares in language which cannot possibly admit of any interpretation save one, that he disowns and rejects the authority of Rome. This is the one dogma on which Anglicanism is firmly built, and we have now to examine why it is that this foundation is such a durable one, and why the building that rests upon it, in spite of strife within, and the growth of what are called "Romanizing tendencies," bids fair to hold its own against all assailants for many a long day.

The first element of strength in Anglicanism is that it leaves its members free to believe as much or as little as they like, to choose their own opinions without any interference on its part, and at the same time preserves an outward semblance of authority which is a most convenient and specious substitute for the reality. This is the secret of its intense respectability on the one hand, inasmuch as it avoids the vulgarity of Atheism and the crude self-assertion of Rationalism, and of its remarkable comprehensiveness on the other, inasmuch as it is ready to open its doors to any one who is willing to recognize in it his easily-satisfied and indulgent mother. Not only is its yoke easy and its burden light, but it imposes only the shadow of

a yoke and the semblance of a burden, and offers to its children the most perfect liberty of thought, so long as they are willing to forswear obedience to the claims of Rome. There, and there only, Anglicanism draws the line sharp and clear. But in every other respect it gives almost unrestrained scope to that liberty of thought and spirit of independence which human nature dearly loves.

The second point of strength enjoyed by Anglicanism lies in its appeal to our national pride and love of independence. An Englishman makes it a point of honour to refuse submission to any foreign yoke. The idea of being subject to any foreign dominion is most distasteful, not to say repulsive, to him. He will not bow down before a foreign potentate in spiritual any more than in temporal matters. He will not submit to the yoke of an Italian Ecclesiastic. This national sentiment is flattered and fostered by Anglicanism. Its services are English, its spirit (so it asserts) is English, its supreme ruler is necessarily English. How, it asks, can any one be a perfectly loyal subject of the Queen if he recognizes another and a higher ruler outside of his own dear country? Are we to expose ourselves to have foreign ecclesiastics, un-English in their ideas, their sympathies, their tastes, their very language, thrust upon us against our will, endowed too, or at least claiming an authority to which the authority of our rulers at home is to be held subordinate and inferior, and that in points the most vital, and which affect most intimately the life of our souls and our spiritual welfare? No Italian Mission for us, no subjection to a foreign potentate, no interference with our liberty as free-born Britons!

A third element of strength in Anglicanism is its advocacy of an "open Bible." Queen Elizabeth gave a remarkable proof of her genius, as well as of her knowledge of the English character, when she had a Bible solemnly carried before her through the streets of London as if it were to be the watchword of her policy. Her appeal from the living voice of the Church to the pages of a lifeless book was a master stroke. To impugn it seems like a want of reverence for Holy Scripture, and an indication of a secret consciousness that the Church which she regarded as her enemy could not stand the test of an appeal to the inspired Word of God. And at the same time her action was flattering to the pride of every individual Englishman. It encouraged the belief that henceforward he was free to put whatever interpretation he pleased on the pages of Holy Writ

(of course under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit), and was no longer bound to follow in the narrow groove that Catholic interpreters had handed down by tradition. The cry of a free circulation for the Bible is still a most effective weapon for the Protestant controversialist, and the story of the imaginary Irish peasant girl who, when the priest forced her to give up the Bible presented to her by one of the agents of the Bible Society, replied: "Ah! but you cannot take out of my heart all the chapters that I have learned by heart!" still moves the sympathies of many a well-meaning Anglican. "If the Bible is as you say, the Word of God, why do you keep it from the people?" is and always will be regarded as a telling point against the Catholic Church in the mind of the unthinking Protestant.

A fourth element of strength in Anglicanism is its power of enlisting in its behalf the affections and the sentiments of Englishmen. Not only does the music of the English Bible sound sweetly in their ears, but the accidental circumstances of Anglican worship have for many a sort of fascination. There is something very attractive in the village church, with its worthy pastor and his kindly wife, with its simple music and beautiful English hymns. There is something still more attractive in the Cathedral service, with its well-trained choir and knot of dignified and learned men who dwell in its precincts and form the centre of sweetness and light and cultivation for all the country round. Quite apart from all that the modern Ritualist borrows from Catholic ritual, the Anglican ritual of itself manages to wrap itself round the heart of a large number of educated Anglicans. Many a convert, loyal to the Catholic Church, is nevertheless conscious in himself of a certain fond regret for those accompaniments of Anglicanism which appealed to his artistic tastes and sentiments. I have known converts who would linger at the door of an Anglican church while the Psalms were being sung, and would rejoin their impatient companion with the remark, "What a pleasure it is to me to hear that dear Mornington in G once more!" I have known them listen, almost with tears in their eyes, to the sweet voices of the chanting choristers echoing through the Cathedral aisle. I imagine most converts still entertain a sort of sentimental affection for the Anglican hymns with which they were familiar in their childhood and youth. I confess I do so myself, and an affection, too, which

I do not think is wholly sentimental, for in such hymns as "When I survey the wondrous Cross," and "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and many other hymns of purely Protestant origin, there is a real spiritual beauty, though I am afraid that in the mouths of Anglicans they are generally accompanied by a mere feeling, which has no practical effect on their lives. I have known at least one convert, whose reason was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church, but whose affections and sentiments remained for some time after his reception so obstinately Anglican, as to produce in him a struggle which was for a time a real danger to his faith. And if this is true of men, it is likely to be more often true of the weaker and more sentimental sex.

There is one other curious point of attractiveness in Anglicanism, which at first sight one would have imagined would be fatal to it, and that is its inconsistency and want of a logical standpoint. This, strange to say, rather endears it to the English mind. Men are not really swayed by logic in building up a practical system by which to guide their steps, and this is pre-eminently true of Englishmen. To them more than any other nation the adage appeals, *Non in dialectica placuit Deo saluum facere populum suum*. The English constitution, which is our glory and our pride, can scarcely be regarded as logically perfect. And the Englishman finds in Anglicanism a sort of parallel to the English constitution. From time to time we discover some defect in the practical working of our constitution, and set to work to repair it. So the Anglican finds from time to time some defect in the Anglican Church, and sets to work to devise measures for setting it right. At the present moment the liberty of the clergy to act independently of their Bishops has rather run wild, and Parliament will sooner or later pass some remedial measures. But whatever they may be, and however loud may be the outcry of a certain number of the clergy and laity, I do not believe that they will have any sensible effect on the fortunes of Anglicanism, and this for two reasons.

In the first place, where there exists no real authority bearing the sanction of Almighty God, the Episcopal utterances always can be, and always will be, judiciously evaded. They will not be regarded as the orders of a Catholic Bishop would be, in the light of commands binding on conscience, and to be obeyed in the spirit, and not only in the letter. If wine is not to be mixed with water in the Communion Service, the admix-

ture can always be made in the vestry. If confessions are forbidden in the church, an equivalent notice can always announce that spiritual advice will be given in some convenient recess. If Masses for the dead are not to be announced, it is easy to inform the people that the Holy Sacrifice will be offered for the departed. In saying this I am not speaking at haphazard, but am relating what has actually been done by some of the more advanced Ritualists.

In the second place, no Episcopal pronouncement, not even that of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the whole Bench of Bishops, will be regarded by Anglican clergymen who hold a different opinion as more than the misguided utterance of an individual, or a number of individuals. Over and over again we shall witness, not *Athanasius contra mundum*, but the Rev. Mr. Smith, or Jones, *contra universum Episcopatum Anglicanum*. Each Anglican clergyman is of necessity his own Pope as regards the religious convictions which he holds to be true. If he professes to accept his beliefs on authority, it is not on the word of any living authority, but on that of some authority in the past which he chooses for himself, and of whose utterances he is his own interpreter, whether it be the Bible, or the three Creeds, or what he calls the "undivided Church," or the Anglican Church before the Reformation. If the Bishop happens to hold the same doctrine as himself, all will be well ; if not, so much the worse for the Bishop. The idea of conforming his judgment to that of his Superior he would regard as an act of cowardice and treason to his conscience ; the most he will do will be to conform in points of ritual where it is necessary to do so, and perhaps to practise a certain economy in preaching doctrines which have been vetoed by the Bishop. With this the Bishops will have to be content, and though they may in some cases check the extreme party as regards their more obtrusive imitations of Catholic ritual, they will not be able to do much, and there is no prospect of any action on their part detaching from the Church of England more than an occasional individual here and there. And if (though I do not think it is probable) a combined body of extremists should secede from the Anglican communion, yet any assertion of her essentially Protestant character may lead to the accession to her of a large number of Nonconformists, who would strengthen her numerically, and give her a broader basis and a more comprehensive character than ever.

There are other points of vantage belonging to Anglicanism which I must leave my readers to develop for themselves, though I would fain dwell on them if my space permitted. Englishmen have a great dislike, and a very wholesome dislike, of everything that is not open and above-board. The idea of a secret tribunal is one from which they are very averse, and they seem unable to see that it is sometimes necessary for the avoidance of greater evils. They distrust it, and are unwilling to accept its decisions, as has been recently shown in the sympathy that has been felt for Dreyfus. They do not admire the secret tribunals of Rome, and hate the very name of the Inquisition. They do not appreciate the distinction between the *forum internum* and the *forum externum*, or appreciate or understand its necessity. All this tells enormously in favour of Anglicanism, where every ecclesiastical cause has to be pleaded *coram populo*, in open court. Englishmen have also a very strong instinct in favour of laws which they themselves or their representatives enact, and have a corresponding unwillingness to be subject to laws imposed on them from without, and in which they themselves have no voice. Anglicanism in its ultimate appeal is controlled both in its dogmas and practices by the House of Commons, and if the Sovereign is "over all causes, ecclesiastical and civil, within these her dominions supreme," yet they know that she would as soon think of imposing, in virtue of her supreme authority over the English nation, a new law respecting capital punishment or trial by jury, as she would a new dogma to be believed by all Anglicans, or a new ritual to be observed in all Anglican churches. Each individual voter knows that he has a voice in every new enactment respecting what is to be the law of the Church of England, and that he can say to his representative in Parliament, "Unless you promise to oppose the use of incense or the mixed chalice in Anglican churches, I shall vote against you."

Anglicanism again is attractive for other reasons which I cannot do more than enumerate. It is in harmony with the commercial spirit which is so strong in modern England, and it takes the same common-sense view of the Catholic doctrine respecting the beauty of poverty, and the folly of the contemplative life; it furnishes in foreign lands a convenient centre for English residents, and gives the Englishman a sort of comfortable feeling of having brought with him a little

portion at least of the spirit of his native isle ; it furnishes an honourable career for the younger sons of the upper classes. Many an English maiden who, if she were a Catholic, would satisfy her higher aspirations by entering a convent, finds a happy home in an English parsonage, and a useful sphere of work in her husband's parish, and if, as is said, the position of the Anglican clergyman is not socially what it was some forty or fifty years ago, yet in this Anglicanism is but adapting itself to the advancing democratic spirit.

But I have said enough to establish my contention that Anglicanism is far stronger than it is generally believed by Catholics to be, and is a more formidable opponent than most of them suppose. Indeed, I look upon it as one of the most successful attempts to build up a religion which satisfies man's natural wants, and as one that contains in itself elements of durability which will serve it in good stead for many years to come. It is, however, one thing to acknowledge that it seems for this reason likely to last, but quite another to regard it as permanent by reason of its power to satisfy man's craving after Divine truth, or because of any supernatural life infused into it by the Holy Spirit.

R. F. CLARKE.

The Convent Enquiry Society.

AMONG the Societies which took part in the "Great United Protestant Demonstration" in the Albert Hall on the 31st of January, I find the name of the Convent Enquiry Society. This body was represented by its President, Colonel T. Myles Sandys, M.P. (who is also President of the Protestant Reformation Society), who spoke on the occasion, and by its Secretary, Mr. S. J. Abbott; and it was also concerned in the organization of the demonstration.

The Convent Enquiry Society was established in 1889, and has from its inception steadily persevered in a course of cowardly and libellous attacks upon religious houses. I say "cowardly," and I emphasize the word, because, while bringing the vilest charges against convents in general, the writers are careful to avoid such definite statements as will bring them within reach of the law. If, in spite of their caution, they do come within reach of it, an abject withdrawal of the charges follows; but so long as they can take shelter under generalities, they do not hesitate to heap calumny and falsehood upon the devoted and defenceless women who have chosen to lead a retired life, devoted to works of piety and charity. It is remarkable that, among those who support such charges, and who take a prominent part in bringing them before the world, are members of the profession which, above all others, is expected to set an example of chivalry. A Colonel of the British Army is, as we have seen, at the present time President of the Society; Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge is, and has long been, one of its leading members; and the late General Sir Robert Phayre was not ashamed to put his name to pamphlets, issued by the Society, whose foulness was only equalled by their absurdity.

I have spoken of the readiness with which these cowardly assailants withdraw their calumnies when they are threatened

with the just penalty of their offences. It may be well to give an instance of this.

In September, 1891, the Rev. W. Lancelot Holland, one of the most sedulous and unscrupulous propagators of anti-convent calumnies, and at one time Treasurer of the Convent Enquiry Society, made a statement in the *Scotsman* in which he categorically, on "the highest authority," charged some English nuns with having administered "drugs of the most noxious character" to one of their number. With rare want of caution, the libel was couched in such terms as to render the convent implicated readily identifiable, and legal proceedings were at once threatened. With commendable alacrity the reverend gentleman at once withdrew his accusation. "He had only meant to say that some medicine" had disagreed with the recipient, and his "high authority" did not even hint that there was an attempt at poisoning, nor did (he) imply it. On this the *Scotsman* commented: "Mr. Holland does not seem to know the meaning of what he writes. More unmanly conduct than that of which he has been guilty it would be difficult to conceive."

Comment of this kind would penetrate any one less pachydermatous than the Rev. W. L. Holland and men of his stamp, but upon them it has no effect. Mr. Holland continues to spread his slanders broadcast, but he takes care to avoid coming within the range of legal proceedings.

No later than October, 1896, he read at the meeting of the Protestant Congress at Preston a paper, since published in pamphlet form, entitled, *The Revolting Inhumanity practised in Convents; or, Does Queen Victoria know?* in which he reissued, in the most offensive form, many of the old calumnies, and—incredible as it may seem—declared his belief in the fictions of Maria Monk! Moreover, he promulgated a new story, which runs thus:

Quite lately, I interviewed a nun who escaped marvellously from a convent in Hertfordshire, with the convent gardener and watchman, in one, close at her heels. This lady, though as perfectly sane as you or I, and most intelligent, was treated by the Lady Superior and the community with whom she lived as an insane person. Of this I have irrefragable evidence beyond the mere word of the fugitive.

It is obvious that, if there were the slightest foundation for stories of this kind, the law could be set in motion and the guilty parties could be punished for false imprisonment. Mr. Holland neither suggests nor attempts this settlement of the case; he

prefers to indulge in indiscriminate slander and calumny. It is unwise of him, however, to refer so confidently to his own perfect sanity; for the only charitable explanation of his atrocious conduct is to suppose him afflicted with monomania on the subject of convents.

Other particulars regarding the Convent Enquiry Society in the not so very long past will be found in Father Sydney Smith's pamphlet, *Calumnies against Convents*.¹ I propose now to deal with its present position, and to bring together certain particulars of its history during the last three years.

At the outset I am met with a difficulty which is by no means unfamiliar to those who attempt to investigate the working of bodies associated with this class of Protestantism. Mr. Walter Walsh has obtained much credit and considerable cash by the publication of his *Secret History of the Oxford Movement*; but the secrets which he reveals are as open as the day—and indeed always were so, to all who chose to look for them—compared with the inner working of certain Protestant societies, especially when anything like a balance-sheet is in question. Mr. Kensit, for example, shows a singular reluctance to tell us what becomes of the funds contributed to the society which he astutely invented for the sale of his publications—a reluctance which contrasts in a striking manner with the readiness and frequency of his appeals for money; he wants £10,000 for the lads, headed by his own youthful son, whom he (no doubt accurately) describes as “poor preachers,” but no account of this fund is publicly accessible; no balance-sheet has been obtainable of the “Diamond Jubilee Effort,” which “a city merchant” headed with a donation of £100; nor have I been able to secure a properly audited (or any other) balance-sheet of the Protestant Onward Movement, which is also run by Mr. Kensit. Similarly, neither by an application by letter (enclosing stamp), nor at the office, can information be obtained as to the present position of the Convent Enquiry Society; and I must content myself with the Report for the year ending March 17, 1896—the only one I have succeeded in getting.

At that time the Society had no President, but Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge was the Chairman, and Mr. S. J. Abbott, the Secretary. The aims of the Society, as set forth in its prospectus, are—“to obtain reliable information respecting the Conventual System from every available source; to assist

¹ Catholic Truth Society. 1d.

nuns who wish for their liberty," to prevent parents sending their daughters to convent schools, to register all the inmates and their removals from one place to another, as well as "all births and deaths," and to obtain "the eventual suppression of these prison-houses." I apologize for printing these offensive details, but in no other way can I make clear the kind of insinuation which commends itself to a certain number of Church of England clergymen and "gentlemen," as well as, I am sorry to say, to some respectable English women. The Report was accompanied by a letter from the Secretary, in which he pointed out that "funds were greatly needed," and proceeded to say: "Only this morning, but for a telegram which came just at the moment we were preparing to start, we should have had to provide funds from our private resources for the expenses of an important affair in France. The telegram came to say the person was gone from the place. The need of funds will therefore be realized."

The balance-sheet appended to the Report is interesting. From this it appears that the receipts during the year from subscriptions and donations amounted to £159 9s. 3d., while "salary, &c.," came to £156 0s. 9d. The only salaried official, so far as I can ascertain, is the Secretary, Mr. Abbott; the "&c.," I take to be merely an ornamental flourish, as stationery, postage, and the like—as well as "literature, including the cost of 600 copies of *Walled-Up Nuns*"—is defrayed out of the balance of £63 remaining from previous years. This throws considerable light upon Mr. Abbott's remark: "The need of funds will therefore be realized:" and upon the statement in the Report that "the Society really need £1,000."

The Report itself is of the usual character, and is written in the peculiar jargon which passes for English among the class of persons who support organizations of the extreme Protestant type. I have more than once called attention to the extraordinary illiteracy of these documents, and I do so because it must be remembered that it is the writers and readers of this trash who are loudest in denouncing the ignorance of Catholics. As usual, the Jesuits are mainly concerned "to maintain this state of things"—*i.e.*, the freedom of convents from inspection—"all the power and cunning of the Jesuits—the most formidable secret society the world has ever known—is brought into requisition. It is against this system and this band of conspirators that the Convent Enquiry Society have

to contend. Again and again in the most unscrupulous manner have the Jesuits attacked the Society ; especially directing their attacks in the most malicious, cowardly, and vindictive manner against the individual members of the executive."

Then follow wholesale charges of the usual kind, utterly unsupported, of course, by a fragment of evidence, against priests and nuns ; couched, moreover, in language which would be inadequately characterized by the term "offensive." Attempted escapes, assaults of various kinds, floggings, poisonings, brutality to children, imprisonments, immurings—all these are spoken of as of ordinary occurrence. Mr. Lancelot Holland's preposterous *Walled-up Nuns* is treated as an authority of the first class ; and, with incredible audacity, the thrice-exposed lies about Mexico are assumed to be matters of fact, as in the following sentence—the italics and capitals are those of the original :

It seems terrible to contemplate that in this otherwise free country, the present condition of things is such that enclosed nuns *have no more hope of leaving their convents than the poor victims "WALLED UP ALIVE" in the Mexican and other convents could have had of leaving their "LIVING TOMBS," when they saw the last stone inserted which shut out the light for ever.*¹

It will excite no surprise when I say that the work of the Convent Enquiry Society is approved and endorsed by that eminent Protestant champion, Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., of whose credulity and inaccuracy I gave some examples in the last number of this Review. That so credulous and uncritical a person should have been chosen by the Protestant party to move an amendment to the Queen's Speech in the interests of Protestantism, shows, if any demonstration were needed, to how low a depth the party has sunk ; and the division which followed was a natural sequence of the speech which he delivered.

In the last edition (1898) of *The Claims of Rome*, Mr. Smith calls attention to the Report of the Convent Enquiry Society, "issued this year." (As I have already shown, it was not issued in 1898, but in 1896.) The Report, he says, contains "some dreadful charges of barbarity and wickedness," which, with unusual caution, he does not quote, "as (he has) no means of judging of their truth ;" but he gives, with evident approval,

¹ Report, p. 13.

the paragraph in which they "sum up their charges:" it is as follows—the italics are his :

The facts that have come to the knowledge of the C.E.S. are such, that the Committee are *convinced that there is enough iniquity and crime secretly practised in Convents to insure their immediate dissolution, if the evidence could be brought out and proved to the public; and the hope of the Society is, that something may come before them which will enable them to arouse the public to a sense of their duty upon this great and serious question.*

I now proceed to consider the more recent history of the Society.

In October, 1896, a meeting of the Protestant Congress was held at Exeter Hall, at which addresses upon convents were delivered by the reverend libeller already mentioned, the Rev. Jacob Primmer, Pastor Chiniquy, and Colonel Sandys. I was present at that meeting, and was impressed by the wild fanaticism exhibited both by speakers and audience. I shall not soon forget the enthusiasm with which the latter received Mr. Primmer's excited appeal to pull down the convents, leaving not a stone upon a stone; nor how heartily they repudiated Colonel Sandys' qualifying statement, that of course such demolition was not intended to be carried out physically. As a result of that meeting, a Committee was formed from various societies to draw up an address to be presented to the Queen on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, praying for the inspection of convents. Colonel Sandys was President, Mrs. Arbuthnot (of *The Protestant Woman*), treasurer, and Mr. S. J. Abbott, secretary and organizer. The most extraordinary trouble was taken to procure signatures; copies of the petition, leaflets, forms of memorial, were distributed by tens of thousands, at home and abroad; the petition itself was exposed for signature in various public places, including public-houses; the Protestant papers supported the scheme, the *Christian* and the *Christian World* being, as was to be expected, especially enthusiastic. The petition, to which 336,250 signatures were attached, was presented to Her Majesty at the end of 1897, and Mr. Abbott received a formal acknowledgment from the Home Office that this had been done.

In February, 1898, the *Catholic Herald* instituted inquiries as to the intentions of the Government, and the Duke of Norfolk, in reply, said that he had "no reason to suppose that any measure of the kind was contemplated." From that time to

this, nothing has been done, nor could any sane person who reads the memorial have supposed for a moment that anything would be done. A more preposterous document, either in statement or in wording, can never have been brought before Her Majesty's notice. I regret that it is not possible to reproduce it in full in these pages; but I propose to examine one of its paragraphs somewhat in detail, and from this a notion may be formed of the rest. Meanwhile it should not be forgotten that, only a few months after the presentation of the memorial, the Princess of Wales, for the first time, opened a bazaar in aid of a convent.

We are indebted to the *Catholic Herald* for having published in its issue for March 18, 1898, an account of an interview with Mr. Abbott on the subject of the memorial—an account which fully justifies the conclusion of the *Herald*, that "Mr. Abbott was absolutely unable to substantiate a single one of the allegations, or to furnish a solitary specific instance in support of them; whenever he attempted to furnish proof, he failed miserably and completely."

The memorial to the Queen states:

That private Burial Grounds being attached to Convents, in which interments have been seen to take place at night, and having regard to the fact that there is no Specific Registration existing of the names and numbers of the inmates, the Convent Authorities have great facilities for avoiding the holding of Coroner's inquests, and for evading the provisions of the Burial Laws.

Now, before quoting from the *Herald* Mr. Abbott's cross-examination on this head, I should like to point out that the statement as to these burials at night, so far as one of the witnesses is concerned, was published at the end of 1892, or early in 1893—the date is approximately ascertainable from internal evidence—in a wretched little pamphlet printed as a private speculation by a man named Shailer, who placed his address upon it in order that "all who wish to help with cash" might know where to send it. This appropriately-named *Book of Horrors* consists of eight small pages and costs a penny, so that, if it had any sale, it must have paid very well. It may be noted in passing that the publishers and authors (they are often identical) of Protestant tracts have a keen eye to business: Mr. Abbott's tract on *The Convent Jubilee Memorial*, for example, consists of twelve pages in wrapper, and costs 3d.

Shailer's book is a scissors-and-paste compilation of the usual extracts, and is perhaps even more illiterate than usual; some of the statements are, of course, manifestly and even absurdly inaccurate. Interspersed with these are a few paragraphs by the author, one of which runs as follows:

In May, 1892, a gentleman in the Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, whose name is as the month between April and June, said that he saw three nuns dig a grave in the convent garden opposite his house, and bury a child, in the fall of 1891.

This was the source of one part of Mr. Abbott's information, which I now proceed to quote from the *Herald*. The interviewer, having possessed himself of one of Mr. Abbott's pamphlets, proceeded to cross-examine him as follows:

"You say that 'a member of the London County Council, who gave me the information relating to the convent in St. Charles's Square, Notting Hill, stated that he had been in the private burial ground of that institution, and two tradesmen have witnessed burials taking place at night in the grounds of the Convent of Poor Clares, Notting Hill.' Who is the County Councillor from whom you get the information?"

Mr. Abbott—"I cannot give you his name. It was within the past three years he told me. He represents part of Kensington."

"Oh, very well. Then I'll make it my business to call on all the County Councillors representing Kensington."

Mr. Abbott now changed his ground, and made an important admission.

"Let me see now," he said (after cogitation). "Yes. It was a slip of the pen. The man was not a member of the County Council. He would be a member of the Kensington Vestry, last year, or the year before. I am not certain whether I said that I would not give his name. I cannot, therefore, let you have it now."

"Very well. Now, can you assist me to get at the two tradesmen who saw burials taking place at night in the grounds of the Convent of Poor Clares, Notting Hill?"

Mr. Abbott (after great hesitation)—"Well, one was Mr. Mayes.¹ He had a shop opposite the convent on the road running down to Notting Hill Station, right opposite the convent. I think it was a draper's shop. That was about three or four years ago. It may have been less, or it may have been more."

"And who is the other tradesman?"

"I do not know that I am free to mention his name. Tradesmen are rather particular about that. I should not mention his name without his permission."

¹ This is "the gentleman whose name is as the month between April and June" of Shailer's pamphlet.

The reader will note the consideration which Mr. Abbott shows for the County Councillor (who was "not a member of the County Council") and "the other tradesman," and will not fail to contrast it with the freedom with which the name of the convent is given. And the reader will probably consider that Mr. Abbott's *bona fides* may be sufficiently gauged by the nature of his answers. But will it be believed that the most diligent inquiry at Notting Hill, in the neighbourhood of the Convent of Poor Clares, failed to elicit the whereabouts of Mr. Abbott's informant, Mayes the draper!

Not only were burials at night not "witnessed by two tradesmen," but they could not possibly have taken place "in the grounds of the Convent of Poor Clares," for the *Herald* goes on to say that the Sisters are not buried within the precincts of the convent, but in the Kensal Green Cemetery. There is no burial ground within the precincts of the convent. The registration is attended to by the doctor, who is not a Catholic.

This is the result of the examination of Mr. Abbott with regard to one paragraph of the memorial to the Queen. There are ten paragraphs in all, and all are equally insulting to the intelligence of the Gracious Lady to whom the memorial has been presented. I will quote only one more, and that without comment:

Your memorialists are mindful of the benefits conferred under British Rule, upon your Majesty's Indian subjects by the abolition of a long established Religious rite, called Suttee, whereby Hindoo Widows under the delusion that they would thereby attain eternal beatitude, immolated themselves upon the funeral pile of their deceased husbands, causing hundreds of lives to be sacrificed annually, which abolition resulted in giving general satisfaction to your Majesty's subjects. They are therefore absolutely convinced of the necessity for equally stringent laws being passed to prevent practices not less unnatural and cruel, and withal of life-long duration inseparable from Convent life.

Those who wish to see further particulars of Mr. Abbott's self-contradictions, of the kind of evidence on which he bases his attacks upon convents, and of the—well, inaccuracies—which he told his interviewer, must refer to the number of the *Catholic Herald* already quoted. One example of his inaccuracies may be cited. The interviewer also visited Mr. Robert Steele, of the Protestant Evangelical Mission—whose story must be told some day at length—having been referred to him by Mr. Abbott. Mr. Steele said, "I would not know Mr. Abbott

from the man in the moon! I do not know him personally at all;" whereas Mr. Abbott said he had "known Mr. Steele a long time." Which of these paid representatives of anti-Catholic Societies was romancing on this particular occasion, I am not able to say; but assuredly one of them must have been.

This exposure took place in March, 1898, and the *Herald* said, "We venture to say that we shall not hear much more of the Convent Enquiry Society." But this showed an imperfect appreciation of the methods of such bodies. Will it be believed that in the following June, Mr. Abbott issued his pamphlet on the Jubilee Memorial, begging for "further contributions to enable them to carry this important movement to a successful issue." The memorial had been "laid before the Queen" before January 19th, and no acknowledgment other than the formal act of that date had been (or has yet been) received. By what means is the "movement to be carried to a successful issue," and for what purpose are "further contributions" needed?

At about the same date Mr. Abbott issued another collection of calumnies called, *Slavery in Convent Laundries*—again bringing all kinds of charges against convents in such a manner as to prevent any possibility of identification. Still more recent, judging from internal evidence, is a four-page leaflet of *Important Facts*, in which it is admitted that "the Government have given no intimation of their intention to deal with the Convent question, and the replies from the Home Secretary to our letters have been vague and unsatisfactory." From this document one paragraph may be reproduced, *verbatim et literatim*, as a choice specimen of what is considered evidence by the Convent Enquiry Society.

SEVENTY-THREE INMATES POISONED.—At the Laurel Hill Convent School, not many months before the inauguration of the Petition, 73 INMATES of the Convent were taken seriously ill; the PIGS belonging to the Convent, which had eaten the remnants of the feast, were likewise so ill that the VET. and the DOCTOR were simultaneously called in. FIVE WOMEN DIED, one a fine young girl of eighteen, finished, and to have gone home to her parents. The viscera were sent to the County Analyst, the report, which was much ridiculed, stated that the deaths were due to *ptomanes* caused by a *bad egg, etc.* Here were 5 lives lost, 73 people tortured and possibly injured for life; the case left in the hands of one man, said to be a Protestant, in the service of the Dublin Corporation, which is practically under the thumb of the priests, and we have to be satisfied with the verdict, that all this was caused by a BAD EGG.

Those who remember the sad occurrence on which this misrepresentation fastens, and the general sympathy felt and expressed for the poor nuns, on whom no shadow of suspicion rested, will be able to appreciate the utter inhumanity of this paragraph. It is unnecessary to say that this document, like all the rest, ends with an appeal for more money: "We look to our friends to come forward and adequately support us; remittances . . . should be addressed to the Secretary."

It was not to be expected that the Protestant Alliance would hold aloof from the support of a character so congenial to themselves, and on the 23rd of January last, Mr. Brett appeared "under the auspices of the Sutton Branch of the Protestant Alliance," accompanied by a Miss Beatty, who was *not* a nun but a visitor, but who, nevertheless, was "secured by bolts and bars and watched by nuns," and was thus able to deliver an address on "My Imprisonment in a Convent," which is reported in the *Rock* for February 3rd. Miss Beatty refused to eat "from Monday until Wednesday morning," whereupon she "was told she might go, but was not allowed to have her clothes, and had to leave the convent in her night-dress and a nun's cloak." One would like to know more of this, especially as the heroic woman "made her way to the Protestant vicarage, where she received every attention"—and, it may be hoped, more suitable attire. But why are we not told the name of this noble Protestant vicar? Why did Miss Beatty wear her night-dress in the morning? What became of the nun's cloak?—did Miss Beatty retain it? if so, why was it not shown at the meeting? or did she leave it at the vicarage, or return it to the convent (carriage unpaid)? That the story is as true as that of the midnight burial at the Notting Hill Convent, no one will doubt: for "Mr. Abbott stated that he had investigated the case, and found that the main facts were admitted at the convent"—was Mr. Abbott himself "admitted at the convent"? Moreover, he spoke of "several cases of persons who were known to have Protestant sympathies, being spirited away by the authorities or agents of the Church, and who had never since been heard of." This doing away with people in cases—presumably packing-cases—should be looked into; perhaps the Bishop of Marlborough, to whose research we were indebted for the—well, the *story*—of the kidnapped priest, may be induced to take the matter up.

Of course it is absurd to suppose that any amount of

exposure will have any effect upon Mr. Abbott : for no exposure could well be more effective than that published by the *Herald*. Besides, he has his living to get ; and it has been laid down by an eminent expert that "them as has brains and no money must live on them as has money and no brains." But what has Colonel Sandys to say ? He must be a gentleman, and a man of intelligence ; he is moreover a Member of Parliament, and, as such, is a representative of the people and a maker of laws. Does he really believe the charges brought against convents ? Can he possibly consider the evidence adduced sufficient to justify the conclusions based upon it ? It may be that his attention has never been called to the investigation which was instituted into Mr. Abbott's accuracy ; in the future he will not be able to say this.

And what of the people who find funds for the Society ? It is true that the sums are small and the donors for the most part unknown to fame ; yet the 1896 list contains four generals, a colonel, six reverends, and a bishop of some kind. Have they no Catholic friends who will point out to them kindly but plainly that they are the dupes of their prejudices, and that they are contributing towards the perpetuation and dissemination of the cruellest of calumnies against those who are at least as virtuous as themselves—towards the publication of "accusations which," to quote the words of the Duke of Norfolk, "no decent man would listen to, no generous man believe."

JAMES BRITTEN.

Notes on Rembrandt and the Dutch School.

IN the history of the world's art there is no chapter so intensely *local* in its character as that great outburst of artistic activity entitled the "grand epoch" of Dutch painting. Exactly coinciding in the moment of its manifestation with the declaration, and European recognition, of the independence of the Dutch Republic, culminating with the climax of national power and prosperity that crowned the patient preparation of centuries, the art of Holland guarded itself from the intrusive influence of foreign schools as jealously as the nation defended itself from foreign political interference. And thus originated and developed by the people themselves, it became a very complete expression of the spirit of their life embodied in a form that was a perfect reflection of the appearances of their external surroundings. The factors that have made Dutch art what it is are the same that had previously operated to make the Dutch people what they were when they produced it.

The unfavourable situation of the Lowlands of Holland, of which the greater part consists of land reclaimed from the sea, and the insecurity of a soil perpetually menaced by inundation, had from the beginning entailed upon the inhabitants the necessity for strenuous and watchful exertion as a condition of the maintenance of existence. And since physical requirements tend to diminish in proportion as their satisfaction is matter of effort and difficulty,—sobriety and moderation became the habit of the Dutch people. The severity of their climate, by compelling them to seek their recreation in an indoor life, fostered the domestic instinct and centred their interest and their pride upon that first essential foundation of national strength and prosperity—the home and the family. Circumstances thus co-operated with the natural tendencies of their unmixed Germanic blood to make them laborious and painstaking, frugal and simple, domesticated and homely. The almost entire absence of mountains and forests from their landscape was

an important factor in their mental development by depriving them of all natural stimulus to the imagination. Untroubled by any sense of the vague mystery that looms from nature's darkenesses, unallured by any aspiration after the unknown that is concealed behind nature's barriers,—their sand-dunes were unpeopled by the preternatural shadows that elsewhere became mythic beings; their wide plains were empty of those personified fears and fancies that elsewhere became the germ of legend; and with no food for fantasy, no leisure and no material for dreaming, their imaginative faculty, uninspired and unnourished, withered within them and died. The physical type of this sturdy, vigorous, healthy race was devoid of all grace of form or delicacy of feature. Flat-faced, heavy-featured, massive and unshapely in figure, they had no opportunity to appreciate symmetry in the human body or to delight in the beauty of the human countenance. And thus, while on the one hand they possessed nothing of the fine proportions, the easy, indolent grace of movement and attitude, the unconscious stateliness of bearing which in sunlit lands has made the mere external aspect of life so gracious, and brought the habit of beautiful appearances to foster that keen natural sense of beauty which is inherent in the spirit of the South,—on the other, they had no instinct, no imaginative apprehension, of all the deeper meanings, ideals, and mysteries of life, such as—embodied in legend, romance, and poetry—had under more favourable conditions been inspired by the spirit of the North. From the outset, their life started on a physical plane. Their energies and their aims were directed towards a high standard of material well-being and were controlled by a rigid sense of duty, justice, and the claims of human fellowship; but the possibility of an ideal or æsthetic value, and we would almost add of a purely *spiritual* value, did not enter into their estimate of life. When, after centuries of steadily increasing prosperity, based upon sustained effort, universal industry, and practical concentration of purpose, they emerged into the first maritime power and chief commercial centre of Europe, and attained their national independence,—liberty and supremacy came not as the result of a *coup d'état* or a brilliant victory, but as the final, almost inevitable step of a long continued upward progression. And these staunch, shrewd old burghers, stolid in their heroism, placid in their struggles, took their triumph with no wild enthusiasm or public revellings, but with a solemn, puritanic recognition of the invincibility of a

just cause, and with the calm, legitimate self-complacency of a self-made people. Debarred by their Constitution as a Republic from the refining influences of court-life, they were also preserved from the enticements of its luxury and frequent corruption. They used their newly-acquired freedom as they had used their wealth, not for the furtherance of licence, nor for indulgence in splendour, pleasure, or pomp, but as a means towards a wise and just self-government which should consolidate the interests of all the people, and by promoting greater industry at home and greater commercial influence abroad, should ensure the greater well-being of the commonwealth. They had a definite legislation against idleness, and an unwritten law, binding by the uniformity of public opinion, against extravagance and sumptuousness. And while the habit of this labour-loving people deprived all classes of the leisure which is a condition of *culture*, their *educational* standard was far advanced beyond that of the rest of Europe. Every village had its public school; almost every peasant child could read and write; every minor burgher's son knew Latin and French. And the University of Leyden—a commemorative gift from the Republic for that city's heroic defence—became a European centre of learning in physical science, positive philosophy, and the theology (*sic*) of the Reformation.¹

Such was the state of Holland when, in the first half of the seventeenth century, a strange thing happened. To this nation of burghers, possessing absolutely no imagination, bereft of all instinct of beauty in themselves, and examples of beauty in their surroundings, with no spiritual ideals, with no manner of true æsthetic inspiration—there was suddenly born a National Art, which, by the sole force of its genius for *sincerity*, has conquered a foremost place amongst the Great Art of the world.

The problem, as stated by Eugène Fromentin, the ablest critic of the Dutch School, was this: "Given a *bourgeois* people, practical, busy, with no aptitude for dreaming, no taste for mysticism, anti-Latin in their sympathies, parsimonious in their habits, with broken traditions, and a religion without images: find an art that should please, appeal to, and represent this people."² Almost simultaneously there arose Van Goyen, Franz Hals, the Palamedes—Adrian Van Ostade, Wouwerman, Jan Steen, Terburg, Gerard Dow, and Pieter de Hooch—Jan Both,

¹ Vide *Philosophie de l'Art dans les Pays-Bas*. H. Taine.

² Vide *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois: Belgique—La Hollande*. E. Fromentin.

the Ruisdaels, Cuyp, Paul Potter, Hobbema, and Adrian Van der Velde—De Keyser, Van der Helst, and, to put the greatest last, Rembrandt van Ryn—to give unanimous answer: The art that will truly represent the spirit of the Dutch people will be an art that will embody the actual, material realities of their life—in other words, it will be an art of *portraiture*. The Dutch artists of the Great Epoch did this, and (with the single exception of Rembrandt) they did nothing more: in all earnestness, seriousness, and truthfulness, they painted the portrait of the Dutch nation in its individuals, its surroundings, and its life.

And since certain modern, and we trust transient, developments of Art, have debased the current value of the term *portraiture*, we must here distinguish between the portraiture of the old Dutch masters—which, conceived in a spirit of intense sincerity, resulted in a true and noble realism—and that of a contemporary French school, which, produced more or less in a spirit of burlesque, results in a flimsy, photographic impressionism. The portraiture of the latter school seeks not to reproduce its subject but to produce a clever likeness to it. In all things seizing the most apparent aspect—phases of manners torn from their context in life, external appearances taken without reference to the realities concealed beneath them—it fabricates superficial resemblances with the limited focus, but with none of the detailed accuracy, of a camera. The artist here attempts no further interpretation of his subject than the accentuation of some distinctive feature which, by its easy recognizability, will facilitate the *likeness* that is his aim. Never penetrating below the surface, or exceeding the limits of the immediately obvious, this art, at its best, is but the reflection of a reflection; at its worst, it is too often a blurred shadow of all that darkens life's stagnant pools. In their portraiture of individuals, the method of this school is to insist on such eccentricities as compel recognition; and, unable to express character, they skilfully imitate characteristics. Taking as the basis of resemblance some salient peculiarity of feature, a prevailing mannerism of look or gesture, some physical indication of a dominant moral tendency, and still further accentuating such traits by the clever introduction of some symbolic accessory, they succeed—often brilliantly—in the production of striking likenesses, but likenesses which, by the subordination of character to characteristics, are perpetually tottering on the

brink of caricature. Suggesting nothing of the inner conflicts, the stifled impulses, the weaker purposes, that they have neither the sympathy nor the penetration to fathom, these portraitists personify their model's peculiarities without giving expression to his personality.

The Dutch masters felt and worked otherwise. Approaching their subject with intense respect for human individuality, moved to keen sympathy with the manner of things they portrayed, they were not satisfied with delineating isolated manifestations of life, but caught and embodied the complete "image of life" itself. Whether it be in the rustic scenes of Van Ostade, the military encampments of Wouwerman, the landscapes of Ruisdael and Hobbema, or the civic functions of Van der Helst—there is everywhere the same earnestness of treatment, the same intimacy of sentiment, the same rigid determination to embody the whole reality of the subject. And the country fairs and dances, the prim cottage interiors, the jovial taverns, the well-stocked barns, arrest our attention and awaken our interest because, rendered with genuine conviction, they convince us that they are *realities*—actual and truly representative facts in the unwritten history of a great people. The village gossips working as they chat, the stolid shepherds, the busy housewives, the burly cavaliers, the solemn burghers, all command our sympathy, because we feel that they are *real* men and women, whose individual energy and industry had contributed to secure the foundations and maintain the prosperity of their grand old Republic.

The Dutch portraiture of individuals—portrait-painting properly so called—manifests the same steadfast sincerity of purpose, the same strong grasp of reality. Although great care is often here displayed in the finish of accessories, everything is subordinated to the supreme aim of giving full expression to the *character of the man*, conceived as the resultant force at a given period of all previous combinations and interactions of temperament, experience, and will. It is the crowning merit of the Dutch masters to have treated character, not only in its most apparent aspect as the sum-total of characteristics, but in its entire aspect as the sum-total of all its factors, hidden as well as evident, feeble as well as powerful—to have caught the normal balance of tendencies, and to have rendered all the minority as well as the majority of elements which in their average proportion produced the tenor of the life—the *habit of*

the man as he lived. In all their portraiture (though in degrees varying with its excellence) this marvellous grip of the real personality lies like the depth of life beneath the particular mood or momentary phase of feeling that rises to its surface. This consummate excellence of interpretation was achieved by no force of imagination, nor elaborate process of idealizing, but by sheer devotion to truth and vivid recognition of the unlimited responsibility of art to life.

Such was the spirit (the same sturdy, truth-loving spirit that had formed the Dutch nation) which was quickening the art of Holland, when in 1609, the year of the Declaration of Independence, Rembrandt van Ryn—at once “the great type and the great exception” of his school—was born. His biography has been voluminously compended from exceedingly scanty material. All the ascertained details of his life are summarized in the Preface to the Catalogue of the present Exhibition at Burlington House. Two circumstances stand out in clear relief against a background of comparative conjecture—the one is his short love-marriage in 1634 with Saskia van Uylenborch, whose Dutch comeliness he has immortalized in various portraits, the other is his bankruptcy in 1656, which entailed the sale by auction of all his possessions, and of which the record is still preserved in the Public Register of Amsterdam. The really striking thing in Rembrandt’s meagre biography is the fact that, judging by the dates of his pictures, neither his passion for Saskia, nor his grief at her death, neither the harassing anxieties that attended his loss of fortune, nor the embarrassment and isolation that followed his insolvency—hardly even the indigent enfeeblement of his old age, appear to have interrupted his unremitting artistic activity, or to have in the least degree disturbed his artistic production. The claims of genius outweighed the needs of the man. From early youth to within a year of his death in 1669, his life was one long striving, one glorious achievement, one sustained devotion to the service of Art.

The art of Rembrandt, as M. Fromentin has indicated, manifests two distinct tendencies: one, in which he was intensely Dutch, completely master of himself and of his genius, and combined and far surpassed all the greatest qualities of his greatest Dutch contemporaries—the “great type” of his school; and one in which he was something less than Dutch and something considerably more—the “great exception to his

school." *He was the one Dutch painter who was troubled with an imagination.* Now where imagination enters into a temperament of which all the essential elements are anti-imaginative it necessarily enters as a foreign intruder, and acts as a disturbing force. And it is in the manner in which Rembrandt's pictorial genius harmonized the demands of his vivid imagination with the intense *literalness* of his Dutch sincerity, that his unique power lies as one of the greatest painters of all lands and of all time.

Imagination in art may operate in two separate ways. It may deal directly with the ideal elements of the subject, or, acting through the eye, it may indirectly deal with the sensuous elements of artistic expression. In other words, it may modify or transform either the mental conception of the subject, or the pictorial vision—the external vehicle—in which the mental conception is embodied. In the first case, the function of the imagination is to transfigure the subject in the higher light of poetic interpretation, to sublimate its essence from the density of actuality to the purer atmosphere of idealism, to extract all its inherent æsthetic, emotional, or spiritual qualities from the dross of commonplace that envelopes them, and, in a word, to place in pre-eminence and quicken into immortality all its finer immaterial elements. Of such possibilities as these, Rembrandt appears at times to have had a vague *ahnung*, which, because it was never more than an *ahnung*, because its realization was incompatible with his particular form of artistic supremacy, did no more for his art than bring into it an occasional strange throb of restlessness, an almost pathetic groping after what the limitations of his individuality would not allow him to attain. And where this tendency was paramount, it disturbed his genius as the greatest of Dutch painters, without leading him to any achievement worthy of the name of idealistic art. For the imagination, to be a true source of inspiration, must be accompanied by an unerring instinct for symmetry and congruity, and of this instinct Rembrandt, in common with all the Dutch masters, was almost wholly bereft. Therefore, where he exercised his imagination in this sense—that is, directly upon his subject—it merely led him into such fantastic freaks as the introduction of that strange little unexplained figure in the "Night Watch,"¹ which has supplied matter for the critical

¹ The original is in the Museum at Amsterdam. There is a small replica in the National Gallery.

conjectures of two centuries, and whose *raison d'être* still remains a complete and not very interesting enigma.

But to the artist there still remains another sphere of imaginative activity, that which is comprised in the sensuous material of his art—line, colour, light, and all the unlimited possibility of their fresh application and combination into new and magic effects. Whereas in the first sphere—the invisible world of ideas, poetry, fancy—the imagination of this great Realist was hampered and paralyzed by his rigorous conscientious sense of obligation to the claims of actuality, in the second he was in direct relation to a visible world, in a harmonious medium that while stimulating all his creative power still left him within reach of natural tests and within the boundaries of material reality. And here amidst the essential elements of his art itself, selecting the one that was most in affinity with the spirit of his genius and the nature of his environment, his imagination found its goal. All the higher imaginative inspiration that other artists have sought in spiritual or poetic ideals, Rembrandt sought and found in the glories of *Light*. He was in love with light, played with light, rejoiced in light, pursued light, and finally caught and mastered light. He plunged into the deepest gloom, he wandered among the weird mysteries of shadow and into the utter darkness of night, in order that through them he might emerge into fuller possession of that phantom of Light who beckoned to him beyond them. And by this faithful search after the object of his worship, Art led him to the knowledge of a hidden science, to the embodiment of the laws of Light and Darkness—of *chiaroscuro*—which is the keynote and crowning perfection of both his painting and his etching.

Nearly two centuries before him, the great Leonardo had discovered something of the principles of *chiaroscuro*, which were later applied and developed by Correggio and Caravaggio. But the painter's vision is necessarily influenced by the appearance of his surroundings in nature, and the Italian landscape hardly affords favourable conditions for the proper study of light as enhanced by contrast with predominating shadow. The wide expanse of radiance that is characteristic of the South, accustomed men to behold objects *in outline*—the contour of mountains, trees, houses, is sharply delineated against a background of clear, uniform sky, while the crystalline stillness of the air practically abolishes all visible effects of atmosphere and gives an appearance of flatness to the scenery. The first result of this

in art is the tendency to the preponderance of *line* over light and colour, a tendency which by giving free scope to all the power of symbolic suggestion that is inherent in design, harmonized with the idealistic aims that directed the greatest Italian schools. On the other hand, the darkness of the South is almost impenetrable—there is little or no twilight, and the shadows are sharp and flat, and possess none of that strange *translucency* which in painting is a necessary correlative of the finest *chiaroscuro*. In Holland, on the contrary, the dampness of the climate and the prevalence of mists, by obliterating the contour of objects, accustomed men to see things not in outline, but as *masses*, an effect which in their pictorial rendering involved the preponderance of light (and shadow) over design, and responded to the innate materialistic tendencies of the Dutch school. As has been truly observed by Lamennais: "Whenever colour [and colour is but a modification and outcome of light] is the principal aim of the artist, Art naturally tends to materialize itself." The density of the humid air of Holland further operated to bring into the aspect of nature the modifying influence of atmosphere, what M. Taine finely calls "the interposed atmosphere, coloured and tremulous, in which living things are placed like fishes in the sea." And as a result of the effort to reproduce in art this "palpable medium" of nature, a new element entered into painting—*aerial perspective*, which bears the same relation to linear perspective that shadow bears to distance, and regulates the respective distinctness of objects as linear perspective regulates their respective size. This quality, brought to perfection by Rembrandt, is the secret of the marvellous transparency of his shadows which, originally inspired by the conditions of the Dutch climate, was further necessitated by his peculiar manipulation of light.

The amount of light that can ordinarily be brought into a picture is considerably less than the normal light of day or of artificial illumination. In other words, the scale of light in Art is shorter than that in Nature. But within the definite limits of darkest and brightest that is possible to painting, all intervening intervals may be ignored; and if all the highest light is concentrated upon one point and immediately surrounded by the deepest shadow—if the interval is made as wide as possible—then by the law of contrast an effect will be produced that almost emulates the brilliance of sunlight or of flame; but this entails, if the remaining part of the picture is not to be one

indistinguishable mass, that the shadows shall be transparent, that objects shall loom from the darkest recesses of the picture as they do in nature from the obscurity of night air. It was by his complete mastery of the laws of aerial perspective that Rembrandt attained those extraordinary effects of light radiating through darkness, that have placed his art upon a culminating point of realistic achievement.

Of this a wonderful instance is the little picture called "Shepherds reposing at night" (No. 51 in the Burlington House Exhibition), which at first sight appears to be a vague mass with two spots of light—one the white reflection of a hidden moon, the other the red glare of a camp-fire. But gradually the night becomes radiant, mountains and trees, a distant castle, low undulating meadows literally shine in the mild suffused moonlight, the fire richly illumines a group seated round it, and casts a gorgeous reflection on a pool in the foreground; and then, wonder upon wonder! a third light appears, that of a distant lantern with its own distinct yellow trail clearly defining the figure of the man who carries it. And in spite of all these brilliant effects—three separate lights, moon, fire, lantern, each maintaining its own integrity within an area of $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 19—the impression of Night is rigidly preserved, a pall of vague obscurity that envelopes the whole picture. The famous "Adoration of the Shepherds," now in our National Gallery, is another example of Rembrandt's absolute mastery over the power of light and the mystery of shadow. Here the chief light emanates from the Infant Himself, who far outshines the pale gleam of a lantern in the background. He casts a strong reflection on His Mother, and dimly illumines the shepherd who kneels before Him. And at first we see no more. Then gradually from the dense obscurity of the cow-stable there emerge some nine looming figures in varying gradations of distinctness, till the last is almost indistinguishable—felt rather than seen—in the profound darkness of the doorway through which he enters. Other examples of the introduction of dark atmosphere as an intervening medium of translucent shadow, may be found in the "Man Reading" (No. 19 at Burlington House), "Tobit and his Wife" (No. 47), and "The Adoration of the Magi." (No. 66.)

Rembrandt's craving for the vividity of light, which can only be obtained by the immediate juxtaposition of intense shadow, led him in his landscapes always to select an exceptional

moment—the sudden fugitive gleam of sunlit distance beyond the lowering blackness of heavy thunder-clouds, or the profound gloom of twilight in its momentary contrast with the splendour of a vanishing sunset—and his constant repetition under varied circumstances of the same exceptional effect of light, together with his general preference for the brilliance of a yellow sky to the more normal radiance of a blue one, brings an occasional element of extravagance into his rendering of Nature, a sense that he fringed, if he did not exceed, the boundaries of natural manifestation. The intense sincerity of purpose which in his portrait-painting—where his Dutch nature was paramount—restrained him within the limits, while it inspired his genius to the complete realization, of truth, occasionally failed him when his imagination was kindled with the fire of Light and he followed his Phantom in that fantastic chase which has earned him the name of the “Meteor in Art.”

A direct outcome of his love of light was his intense joy in all that glitters. He had an almost Oriental attraction for the flash of gems, the glancing light of beads and chains, the shimmer of pearls, the gleam of a dagger, the brilliant reflection (always yellow) of polished armour. These were the playthings of his life of strenuous labour, and he seems to have had something of a child's delight in them. In the list of effects that were sold at his bankruptcy, we find that he possessed hoards of old Indian curiosities—cups, bows, helmets, bamboo pipes, shields, “a quantity of antique dresses of divers colours,” and rich Eastern stuffs. And we know that in one of his numerous portraits of himself, it was his fancy to deck himself in an Indian turban. (No. 71.) The Oriental strain that occasionally so unexpectedly appears in him and breaks the unity of his Dutch character, brings a wild fantastic element into strangest medley with the solemn earnestness, the literalness, and the calm, masterly grasp of reality that is his prevailing mood. It perhaps explains his strong predilection for a Jewish type in his models, and accounts for his occasional love of display and for the profusion of ornament that he finished with such detailed care. How tenderly and delicately he treats the transparency of the stiff, national ruff that adorns his female figures! With what an exquisite touch he catches the sparkle of their necklaces and rings, and the gloss of their velvet cushions! And what evident delight he took in that gorgeously-jewelled hilt in “The Man

with the Sword." (No. 73.) Yet never does he allow his pleasure in these accessories to preponderate over his conscientious embodiment of the individuality of his model. He loved light, but he loved life incomparably more. And surely no portraitist, hardly excepting Velasquez, ever expressed life with more absolute truth, with deeper sympathy, keener penetration, or more complete grasp and understanding of all that was vital in the personality of his subjects. He had gauged the depths of their souls, he knew all about them, and not only knew them, but felt with them. And it is perhaps his unique gift of human sympathy which gives him such magic power over their lives.

It is chiefly in his Dutch manner that Rembrandt is represented in the present Exhibition. Out of a total of a hundred and two pictures, over seventy are portraits—portraits of Burghers, Civic Officers, Merchants, Warriors, Scholars, Rabbis, Dutch Ladies, Matrons, and Housewives—strong, earnest, placid figures, who look at us, *les yeux dans les yeux*, instinct with conscious individuality, the living monuments of a dead and vanished age, living embodiments of the patient energy, the calm, unflinching determination and unfailing industry, the intense self-respect and dignity which, in its day, made their nation foremost among the nations of the world.

It was characteristic that in his religious art, Rembrandt should have given an essentially Dutch version of his theme. The scenes of Sacred History, both from the Old and New Testament, which he has so frequently represented, he invariably transplanted on to the soil of Holland, and interpreted in the spirit of Dutch life. Here truth of *sentiment* was his aim, and by not attempting to exceed the bounds of his own actual experience, he has brought into his rendering of these subjects a depth and reality of emotion that has hardly been surpassed even by the early Italian masters, though his Protestant standpoint necessarily deprived him of their spiritual insight. In the "Prodigal Son" (No. 89) he has given a picture of Dutch rural life, and expressed all the grave, tender *heartiness* that characterized its domestic spirit. The father is a prosperous Dutch landowner, the surroundings are Dutch, and the homely spectators of the scene are Dutch, amidst which the kneeling figure of the half-nude Prodigal enters as a somewhat incongruous element. The "Salutation" (No. 52) is conceived in a precisely similar manner; and "Joseph's Coat" (No. 98) is a portrait of a Dutch crowd. Rembrandt's Madonnas are all young Dutch

housewives, his Infant is a Dutch baby, his Saints and Disciples are either Dutch peasants or Jewish rabbis. To this general tenor, there is in the present Exhibition one single exception. In the "Adoration of the Magi" (No. 66), his strange Oriental tendency found its opportunity. His delineation of the Three Kings, especially the Æthiopian, manifests such extraordinary knowledge of the Eastern type, is in such perfect harmony with the spirit of the East, that it is difficult to believe the assurance of his biographers, that he had never crossed the boundaries of Holland. And in spite of his habitual *homely* treatment of religious subjects, and although he possessed but little power of imaginative transfiguration, no power of appeal to the highest and finest instincts, and not much capability for spiritual interpretation, yet, by the sole virtue of his reverent sincerity, he has infused a certain sanctity into his rendering of sacred themes. He has given much dignity to his Dutch Madonnas, much veneration to his adoring Shepherds, Magi, and sorrowing Disciples, and has expressed a keen and vivid realization of the truth of his subject.

A. STREETER.

Otherwhere.

CHAPTER IV.

EKLIS remained a few days longer, and the ladies, Sessos, and he had many a pleasant ramble among the woods, hills, and vineyards of the neighbourhood. He would have stayed a further time had he not received a summons from the Court of Kara to return at once to organize an exploring expedition, which Fyné was, about to despatch for the purpose of studying and reporting on the languages and folk-lore of certain northern regions of the empire, the greater part of which were within the principality of Norendos, of which she was the hereditary ruler.

Sessos had now, as on many former occasions, acquired a great store of miscellaneous information by the converse of his learned and discursive friend, but as to the object he had more particularly at heart he had profited little—learned nothing, indeed, beyond the fact that to cross the mountain range was a physical impossibility, and that to penetrate into the forest-land, even if the Emperor could be induced to grant his permission, would be courting death. The only other means of visiting those obscure regions, which so fascinated his imagination, was by sailing up the great River La, and then striking across pestilence-laden swamps. Such a course Eklis affirmed to be surrounded by difficulties which it was almost impossible to overcome, but if Sessos were not to give up the attempt, no other course seemed open to him.

He was really anxious to pursue his journey; but then he was but a young man, and the society in which he found himself was very attractive. So day after day glided over his head very pleasantly. Alé and Sessos were a great delight to each other. There was nothing in the nature of love in their relations, but they were charmed with each other's society. Alé had a tinge of imagination that was so very captivating, and she was so bright and intelligent, and could enter so fully into his scientific and historical speculations, that it is not surprising the young Prince excused himself for a longer stay than he had intended,

by discovering the absolute need there was for him to send his yacht on a preliminary visit to certain barren islands some four or five days' sail from the port. He made his conscience easy on the matter by telling himself that it would never do for him to go away without making a minute investigation of at least the outer portions of the great cavern.

The day on which this work was to begin, Sessos and Renos rode over on horseback, accompanied by two of the ducal servants in a light carriage adapted for mountain travel. The function of these men was to look after the horses while the explorers were in the bowels of the earth, to carry with them a supply of candles, and to arrange the luncheon. The Duke had cautioned Sessos not to go entirely unarmed, for the wild men, some of whom were sure to be hanging about the place, though quite harmless when not interfered with, like other undomesticated animals, might do any fierce deed when under the influence of terror, and it was impossible to tell beforehand what might alarm the poor creatures. Sessos thought the advice very needless, but in obedience to his friend's wishes he and Renos wore their swords.

Renos had not wasted all his time in flirting with the castle handmaidens, though we believe neither of them found the other's society unattractive. He had made many inquiries regarding the cavern, but the information gained amounted to little beyond the fact that the passages ran for a vast, but hitherto unexplored distance into the hill, and that the portion he had seen, which we may call the outer hall, was at times, especially at midsummer, midwinter, and the equinoxes, employed as a sort of temple by the wild men. At these periods they assembled there in great numbers, and performed rites which were said to be of a revolting character. Whether this was true seemed uncertain, for, so far as Renos could make out, no civilized man had ever been permitted to witness them, and it is well known that the instincts of the savage races are as unintelligible to civilized man as our customs are to those who have lagged behind in the march of progress. However this may be, when the orgies were going on the portal was strictly guarded by a crowd of women. So sacred did these poor outcasts regard the place, that during the greatest extremities of heat and cold, no one of them would sleep or take a morsel of food within these sacred precincts.

The first duty of the explorers was to measure the outer

cave and plot it down in their note-books. Though evidently a work of nature, it soon became clear to them that at some remote period the place had been altered by human hands ; not only had the openings, which let in such dim light as there was, been enlarged and reduced to a sort of symmetry, but in some places, especially in the darker parts of the cavern, there were distinct though faint traces of sculptures, which had been very carefully obliterated by hammering them with some blunt instrument. It was impossible to make out any of the subjects, but in one or two places Sessos thought he could trace in the upper part faint outlines of stars.

Making a plan of a place so irregular, and in partial darkness, would not have been rapid work for a pair of accomplished surveyors. The Prince and his companion, though not quite ignorant of the art, were by no means skilled workmen. They had not half finished when they became aware that the time for luncheon had arrived. Their servants had prepared it for them ; it was set out in a natural cove in the rock, which was overhung by a profusion of climbing plants, now in their full glory. They were thus screened not only from the rays of the sun, but also from the prying eyes of the wild people, a number of whom had been gathered outside their tents, intently watching the intruders and taking especial interest in what must have seemed to them the highly elaborate preparations for the mid-day meal. Their numbers, Sessos thought, were more than double what they had been when he visited the spot some time ago in the company of the ladies. The most important addition to the party was a tall, dark man, who was, as Sessos conjectured, a headman of exalted dignity, for not only did he wear around his neck several pieces of coloured ribbon, but also a large gold chain or collar of elaborate workmanship.

That this person had come on horseback was evident. The animal was tethered near the tents by a long rope attached to a stake driven into the ground.

Though the arrangements for luncheon had been of such great interest to these poor creatures, when the friends retired into the shade there was nothing more to see, so they also slunk away into their tents. In a few minutes no one whatever was to be seen except two or three children, who lay basking in the sun and gazing at the horses, whose rich trappings evidently attracted them.

The meal was over. The air was hot, although they were in shadow. The friends had much to say to each other as to the work already accomplished, but they were now little inclined for conversation. The cigars were good—the wine from the Duke's vineyards acted as a sedative. The last thing Sessos could call to mind, ere he sunk into slumber—he will remember it as long as he lives—was that his eyes rested on the bright, calm sea, which, though far away, seemed to come almost to the foot of the table-land on which they were. He could even fancy that he heard its low eternal murmur as the wavelets rose and fell. His companion, too, was reposing in that half-dreamy state which is the prelude to sleep.

Sessos was aroused to consciousness of the outer world by the sound of a voice—a sweet, calm voice—speaking in a language quite unfamiliar to his ears. Was it a dream? No, within a few paces of the spot where he was reclining, stood a young and beautiful lady. She was accompanied by three or four men dressed in black with white facings, who from the momentary view he had of them he took to be servants. They stood a little behind her and, as she walked forward, always remained a few paces behind their mistress. She seemed to Sessos, as he gazed on her through the leafy screen which hid him from her view, the most lovely creature on whom his eyes had ever rested. Tall and graceful as one of the goddesses of some dead mythology, which still lives in its dreams of marble beauty, her calm, serene countenance betokened nothing save admiration of the beautiful prospect which lay at her feet. Her dress was simplicity itself, a white bodice with a long skirt of dark chocolate, relieved at the bottom by a row of stars of seven rays.

So fascinated was Sessos by the beautiful apparition before him, that he had no thought to spare for speculation as to the wonder it was that a being such as she should have emerged from the depths of the cavern. She walked forward without the least consciousness of danger until she came to a spot where the whole country was laid like a map before her. The grand old castle on her left, with the smoke of the factories of the seaport in the dim distance, and on her right numberless smiling villages embowered in fruit-trees and vineyards.

For some time the lady and her attendants did not attract the notice of the children, they were too busy watching the horses to look elsewhere. Had the lady been content with a

hasty glance at the beauties before her, she might have returned in safety. One of the urchins at last caught sight of her, and with a scream of terror rushed into one of the tents followed by his companions.

Almost in an instant the little settlement was in wild commotion. For a moment some sort of consultation seemed to be going on among the crowd, and then the whole body of the barbarous creatures rushed down to the place where the lady was standing. Ere she could realize the peril of the situation she was separated from her guards, who were dragged and thrust back into the cavern, without however any violence being done to them, and she was surrounded and held as a prisoner.

Sessos rushed forward to render what help he could, but the case seemed desperate.

"Leave her alone, leave her to us! She is not a woman, she is a spirit, a bad spirit, that hates us, and hates the Duke!" exclaimed twenty voices. "Our women must pierce her with spears, shed her blood and tear out her heart and burn it, or she will come again with more like her, and the sea will run in on the land, the mountains smoke, the ground open, and the vines die."

"She is not a bad spirit," said Sessos, "but a woman like one of your own, I am sure she is," exclaimed Sessos, guarding the girl with his drawn sword from a stab aimed at her bosom by a woman in the crowd who had possessed herself of a long spear.

It was quite evident that the miserable creatures, though clamorous for her blood, were in mortal terror of the lady. All the men shrank back, dreading the touch of her garments even. The drawn swords of Sessos and Renos inspired little fear, and indeed they were far too numerous for the Prince and his companion to have any chance against them if they made a combined attack, especially as many of them owned firearms. As, however, their superstition had brought the lady into this dire peril, so for a time it saved her from personal violence. Their belief was that she ought to be sacrificed by women only, and that her death ought not to be sudden, but by long protracted torment.

Sessos passed his arm round the lady's waist. She looked imploringly into his face, but never spoke. He made his way with her through the crowd of yelling and howling creatures, all

of whom shrank back at her approach. His first endeavour was to conduct her back into the cavern, but this he found to be impossible. It would have been madness to make the attempt, for the men of the tribe were guarding its portal with their spears poised in their hands ready to strike, should he and his charge approach. It was evident that no time must be lost. The wild creatures were becoming more familiar with the situation, and consequently the lady's life was at every passing instant in more and more imminent peril.

Renos was by their side, prepared as far as lay in his power to shield the lady and his master from the murderous attack which he felt sure was about to be made upon them.

"Horses," said Sessos, in a low tone to Renos, in the language of Naverac. None of the crowd understood him, and for a time his motions were mistaken. They thought now that access to the cave was completely barred, that Sessos was about to conduct his charge to the little nook where he and Renos had lunched, and where it would be possible, if firearms were not made use of, for the two men to protect the lady, at least for a time. This misconception, it may well be, saved the lady from immediate death, for by a sudden turn Sessos reached his horse and in a moment he and she were galloping in the direction of the castle.

She had never spoken, but it was evident to Sessos that she not only realized the extremity of her danger, but also knew that he was doing all in his power to save her. The moment they were mounted she clasped her arms round her deliverer's neck, and balanced herself so as to impede the horse and its rider as little as possible. It was evident that horses were familiar to her.

The descent was so steep that none but a very rash rider, except in great danger, would have ventured along it at a pace more rapid than a walk. The narrow path curved so constantly among the bush-covered blocks of lava, that Sessos could see but a very little way behind him. He could not make sure whether Renos was guarding the rear, or whether the headman, who was, as he knew, possessed of a horse, was following on his track.

He had just reined in his horse to pass safely over some especially dangerous ground, where no horse could gallop without great risk, when his companion exclaimed: "We are pursued." These were the first words she had spoken to him.

It was so. The headman, when Sessos rode off, at once determined to give chase, but his horse was tethered, and it took some time to adjust the bridle; when mounted, he did not follow the path Sessos had taken, but made a way for himself among the crags. The lady had caught sight of him on their right; he had succeeded in getting a little in advance of Sessos. At the instant she spoke, the barbarian pointed his rifle directly at her bosom, and fired. His aim was true; the ball must have pierced her heart had she not by an instinctive motion crouched towards her protector, who was at the moment throwing much of his weight on the right stirrup. The savage thought his task was accomplished. Without any sign of fear he turned the head of his horse in the direction of the tents of his people and rode slowly back. The ball entered her side. She looked up to heaven; their eyes met, she did not speak, a shudder passed through her frame. The arms which had been wound so tightly round her deliverer's neck relaxed their hold, and Sessos felt the hot blood on the arm which clasped her, and saw the white bodice tinged red by the flowing stream.

Sessos had no doubt that she was dead, but if a spark of life still remained, he felt sure that rapid motion, to one who had now no power of sustaining herself, must soon extinguish it; so, as all danger of pursuit was now over, he let the horse take his own pace, laying the bridle on his mane, and giving such attention as he could to the lovely creature in his arms, whom he believed to have already passed away.

They soon emerged from among the rocks upon the sloping plain, the great park-like pasture which surrounded the castle. Here Renos almost immediately overtook them.

"She is dead, Renos. The ruffian has shot her through the heart. Gallop on as fast as you can and tell the Duke. I must ride very slowly," said Sessos.

When he reached the gateway with his seemingly lifeless burden, he found the ladies, the Duke, and the surgeon of the castle household, anxiously awaiting his arrival.

CHAPTER V.

THE wounded girl received the most tender attention from the ladies of the castle. Even without the aid of the scientific knowledge of the medical attendant, they would have known that life, though not extinct, hung but by a slender thread.

The breathing was low and irregular. For some time all feared the worst. The wound, though of a most serious character, was not of itself likely to be mortal, but it was in the highest degree probable that the poor girl would sink from the combined effects of loss of blood and the shock which her nervous system had received. The Duke at once telegraphed for a person who was held to be the most skilful surgeon in his dominions. He was a professor at the University, which was one of the chief glories of his sea-port capital. His next step was to despatch a body of his guards to make investigations in the neighbourhood of the cavern, so that he might have—what he lacked at present—distinct knowledge as to how the catastrophe had come to happen. He had already cross-questioned Renos and the servants who had charge of the luncheon, but could make out nothing beyond the few facts already in possession of the reader.

With Sessos, no one had as yet communicated. The ladies were in attendance on the sufferer. Sessos was in misery so deep, that he hardly knew where he wandered. With his light summer vest still stained with the blood of the wounded girl, he strolled into the great hall, and flung himself down on a couch beneath one of the eastern windows. He gave way to an outburst of grief. He had not been taught the phase so fatal to heroism of character, that, however terrible the tragedy, it does not become a man to show deep feeling. The shock was one for which he was utterly unprepared. The sudden vision of this beautiful girl—the most lovely human being he had ever seen in life or pictured in his imagination, her gentle stateliness, and childlike confidence in one whom she had seen but for a moment, the hope which had flashed through his heart when they galloped away, that he should succeed in delivering her—her trustful arms clasped around his neck—and then that she should be shot, shot to the heart, as she hung upon his breast. It was more than he could bear. Hot tears rolled down his cheeks, and he clasped his hands in agony.

How long he remained in this passion of hopeless grief he did not know. A light step glided towards him. He was unconscious of Alé's presence until she laid her hands tenderly on his shoulder. "She lives and perhaps may recover," Alé said. "She is conscious for a few seconds at a time, but is so very weak from loss of blood, that she faints after a few words. The doctor says we must on no account speak to her or let her talk."

"God bless you, Alé, for a bringer of good tidings," Sessos exclaimed, clasping her hand. They had never addressed each other by their names alone before, but deep feeling levels barriers even in courts, and before this catastrophe they had become very dear friends.

"How wonderfully beautiful she is," continued Alé. "I never saw anybody at all like her. You may be pleased to know that she is, like yourself, a Christian; at least, I think so. When we undressed her a little coral and gold string of beads dropped from her bosom."

"How strange, how beautiful," Sessos said; "but she may not be. Some of the heathens use strings of beads not much unlike our rosaries."

"I know what a Christian rosary is like. I have one, and have seen many of them in the hands of the poor people who live by the side of the docks," she answered. "You know my brother protects Christians in his domains, though your superstition is forbidden by law."

They continued talking for a long time, Alé doing all in her power to cheer her sad-hearted friend; at last their conversation was broken in upon by the Duke.

"The Professor has arrived," he said, "and has seen our patient. He will stay the night, and longer, if his services are needed to watch the case. He speaks doubtfully, but gives hopes; and now then, Prince, tell me who this unhappy lady is."

"I know nothing whatever beyond the fact that she came out of the cave, and that I succeeded in saving her, if indeed she be saved, from these wretched savages," said the Prince.

"All this I have gathered from your servant," the Duke replied, "but surely you can tell me something in addition to this. How did she get into the cave?"

"She must have come down one of the galleries, from the other side," answered Sessos.

"Nonsense, man! That is impossible, quite impossible, as you would see at once if you were not dazed. Those passages run into the hill nobody knows how far—my grandfather, who examined them with a string and lamps, used to say for miles and miles—and then there is nothing but one vast field of ice on the other side; ask Eklis if you don't believe me, besides, who in his senses can believe that these passages, however far they run, can extend far enough to communicate with any valley on the other side?" said the Duke.

Sessos in his present state of mind was not inclined for geographical argumentation, so he replied curtly, "I saw her come out of the cave myself."

"Yes, yes, I don't doubt that, but she must have gone in by the entrance, the same way you did," said his Grace.

"If it had been so, Renos and I must both have seen her," replied Renos.

"Not at all, answered the pertinacious Duke, who was determined to see nothing beyond the common-place in the appearance of this mysterious lady. "I see how it is, and so will you, when you have gathered your wits together. This is it. She is one of those wandering women—there are lots of them here and in your own country—who go about by themselves collecting snakes and flies, fossils and stone implements, and then write books of travels when they get home—sad stuff most of them are. There are a dozen of them in the library here. When she saw you and your man-servant about to enter the cavern, she became shy—did not wish to court an interview—so took shelter in one of the galleries. When you had, as she thought, gone away, she tried to make her escape and was pounced upon by these ruffians, whom for my sins I have undertaken to protect. There is not a particle of romance about the matter, except so far as your courage and skill are concerned, and the wonderful superstition of these savages. They are frightened now, as they well may be, at what they have done, for when I sent my guards just now to make inquiries there was not a soul to be seen."

Sessos shook his head. He had no reply to make.

"If you don't believe me," continued the Duke, "you are as lost to reason as these human brutes who tried to murder the girl. I wish Eklis was here; he would convince you that you are a noodle."

What might have been the effect of the arguments of Eklis, had he been on the spot, we cannot tell. As it was, both Alé and Sessos felt that the Duke's interpretation of the occurrences of the morning, like many other rationalistic explanations of events out of the common order of experience, was utterly beyond belief.

"It is useless to speculate about things of which we know so very little," Alé said. "If this beautiful creature should recover, she will tell us all about it."

"Well, well," answered her brother, "but take care that neither you nor the Duchess put into her head that there is anything marvellous about her, for if you do, she will be sure to

spin some strange tale to make herself interesting. It is the way with all you women."

Alé, we need not say, remained quite unconvinced by her brother's arguments. When the Duke finished speaking, he left the hall, and the two friends sauntered into the gardens. Alé was almost as much interested in the wounded girl as Sessos himself. Her poetic nature was strongly moved by what had occurred. The courage and wisdom which Sessos had shown, it may be, lent an additional charm to the fair creature who was now hovering in the dark border-land between life and death.

The dinner-gong at length sounded, and the friends separated. When Sessos dressed for the evening meal, he instructed Renos, who acted as valet, to put away carefully the light vest he had worn, the left side of which was stained with the rescued lady's blood. "If she dies, I shall keep it as a most precious relic," he said.

His servant did not smile. He knew his master's tone of mind, besides which he came of a race which has not become degraded by constant mockery of the higher sentiments of our common nature. Had he known our language he would have understood and loved the *Morte d'Arthur*, and that of which it is a type, but much of the popular literature of our own time would have been not only revolting but unintelligible to him.

The Duke, Duchess, the Prince, and the Professor dined alone. Alé remained watching by the side of the wounded girl. While the Duchess was present there seemed a common understanding that the sufferer's case should not be referred to. When she had retired there was no longer any need for silence on a matter where all were in various ways interested.

The Professor was a very great man: he had taken high honours in the University of Kara, and was an honorary doctor of four out of the six Universities of which Naverac boasted. The long array of letters which followed his name on the title-pages of his books was the envy of every savant. With the exception of Eklis, whose world-wide fame eclipsed that of all others, he was regarded as the greatest light of natural knowledge which the continent could boast. In surgery his position was supreme.

"What is your opinion now of our guest's case?" inquired the Duke.

"That it is serious—very serious," replied the great man, with an air of extreme gravity.

"You told Lady Alé, I think," said the Prince, anxiously, "that you trusted she might recover."

"I did. We always hope for the best. Hope is infectious, spreads and infects the patient, and hope does far more good than a druggist's shop full of medicines. But I cannot disguise from myself that she is in a dangerous state—most critical," said the Professor.

"But the ball did not reach any vital organ," said Sessos, in a tone of inquiry.

"No, if it had, there would have been no hope, but it has wounded one of the intercostals, so the hemorrhage has been excessive. It has stopped now, but may come on again; it certainly will, if she be not kept perfectly quiet. I never saw a worse case. If it does, she will die from collapse. She will as it is, if the greatest care be not taken, but of that there is no fear here," said he, peeling an orange with singular exactness. "The castle gardens furnish these," he continued, glancing towards the Duke. "How much finer their flavour is than those of Kara. Your Grace's volcano ash suits them, the Kara soil is river silt and not sufficiently friable."

"We are proud of our oranges," said the Duke, with an amused glance towards his young friend, "we have cultivated them for centuries, and got to know their ways, and besides have the best sorts. Remember you take a hamper of them back with you. I wish your patient were in a condition to enjoy one."

"She may be soon—very soon—we cannot tell. When young people get a turn they improve with astonishing rapidity. So much depends on inherited constitution. She looks healthy. I wish I knew what sort of people her parents were," said the doctor.

"So do I," said the Duke. "Where can she have come from?"

This great man seldom had a question put to him for which he had not a ready reply, but in this instance he was in a strait. He knew just as much, and no more than the reader. The Duke had expressed to him his own confident opinion, and repeated also what he considered the absurd dreaming in which the Prince indulged. As he knew absolutely nothing, he felt himself in the position of being able to support either side without any sacrifice of principle. The Duke, he was quite sure, would not resent contradiction. He conjectured that Sessos, on

a matter in which he was so intimately concerned, would be pleased to find a man so great as himself in agreement with him. And as he had promised his wife to take her a sea voyage to Naverac during the ensuing summer, an invitation to the court circle seemed in prospect, could he but leave a favourable impression on the mind of the Prince, whose countenance he had carefully watched from the first moment of their meeting, and who, he had discovered, took a deep interest in his patient.

"I think," he said, "the Prince's hypothesis may not improbably be the correct one. He knows what he saw, and it is usually prudent for a trained observer, such as beyond question he is, to trust his eyesight—ordinary people, of course, are sure to blunder when they do so. Here, therefore, we may assume provisionally—only provisionally your Grace understands—that this young woman did reach the cavern through the hill, for, if we accept the contrary view, very striking as it must be admitted to be, how are we to account for the attendants dressed in black? A theory to be accepted as a working hypothesis ought to cover the whole range of phenomena."

"That is a difficulty I admit," said the Duke, "but you know the Prince and his servant were both of them just dropping off to sleep when the lady appeared. The things we see in dreams often mix themselves up with realities just when we are waking. I shouldn't wonder if these black fellows never existed at all."

"I wish the savages had managed to kill one of them, then perhaps I could have made out something by a *post-mortem* examination," said this ardent votary of science.

"By all the gods of Kara, I'm very glad they didn't. We've had enough of bloodshed by these miserable creatures already. In a few days I trust she may be able to tell us all about it. I hear from the Lady Alé that she speaks our language, though when she wanders she uses some unknown tongue," said the Duke.

"She has certainly the most finely formed head I ever saw. I trust if my patient does not recover, your Grace will let me have a cast of it for the museum. It would add much to the interest of our famed anthropological collection," said the Professor.

"We will consider the matter, should such a time ever arrive," said the Duke, amused by the great man's zeal for the science of which he was such a distinguished ornament; "but

from the point of view of anthropology only, I think five minutes' conversation with that head, if the brain ever gets into working trim again, would be of more value than a museum full of plaster models."

"I had forgotten to dwell on the fact which your Grace has so opportunely brought to my mind, and of which we have also evidence from his Royal Highness, that her native language is unknown both to the Lady Alé and the Prince. They are both accomplished linguists; had it been any tongue spoken in the Empire or in Naverac and its circumjacent islands, they would have recognized even if they could not interpret it. This certainly tells strongly in favour of the Prince's theory."

The man of science had begun by taking a side to please Sessos, but ere the discussion came to an end he had argued himself into a firm conviction that his patient had in very truth emerged from the depths of the mountain.

"I am in a minority I see," said the Duke, addressing Sessos, "but shall pertinaciously stick to my opinion until your fair friend herself contradicts me. I don't promise to give it up even then. Had we not better join the ladies, if they are not both employed on hospital duty?"

CHAPTER VI.

SESSOS could not sleep. The Duke had retired early, but he sat up late, hoping that the conversation of the Professor would give restfulness to his over-excited brain. That learned man had a wide experience, and had Sessos been in a frame of mind to co-ordinate the various fragments of scientific lore poured into his ears, he would have added not a little to his stock of knowledge. The man was vain, but a true votary of science; he also seemed just and kind-hearted. As a student, and afterwards as a professor at Kara, he had seen a far different side of the many-tinted life of the great city to that which had come before Sessos in his own student days, when he was an inmate of the Court, and jealously guarded from the coarser forms of evil. Frightful as the refined wickedness of Kara had seemed to him, when seen at its very best, it appeared ten-fold more loathsome when described by one who had contemplated it from a lower level.

When Sessos was about to retire, the Professor said: "Had

Your Highness been a feudatory of our great Emperor, I dare not have spoken so openly. Your islands are free, as I hear, from much of the poison from which Kara suffers. The two persons most worthy of pity are the weak and superstitious Emperor and the Princess Fyné."

Sessos had long wished to be alone, but there were reasons for desiring to retain the vain man's good opinion.

Sessos could not sleep. The events of the day had excited his usually calm brain. He tried to read, taking up the book which lay next to him on the centre table. It was a volume of verse by one of the greatest of modern poets, abounding in noble thoughts, expressed with a stately simplicity, to which the higher form of the language of Kara so admirably lends itself, but his brain was in a whirl; he could not appreciate or even retain the meaning of what he read. The stern poetry of life had now so firm a grasp on his imagination that the most subtle word-painting was lost to him. He put out the candles. The large apartment was not even then in total darkness, for a dim, ghostly light was cast by the tiny lamp standing on the centre table. So faint was its glimmer that the furniture of the room was almost undistinguishable, casting shadows which, to the excited brain of Sessos, seemed to assume weird, unearthly forms. The stillness of the night was terrible to him. He opened one of the windows and looked out into the darkness. He knew that the room he occupied was on the opposite side of the court to the apartments of the ladies. There was no moon in the heavens, but night was brilliant with thousands of stars, shining through the clear, pure air, with a brilliancy never seen in the fog-enshrouded lands of the north. He could see from the position he occupied, the dim forms of the great keep and three of the wall turrets projecting against the sky. All but two sister windows were in darkness. Even the fire of the great hall, which was never extinguished, had sunk so low that instead of throwing a feeble light through the coloured windows, the stars were dimly reflected on their panes. The grand old fortress thus seen by the light of the stars was an object of great beauty, but Sessos did not heed it. His gaze was fixed on the twin windows, which, he felt assured, were those of the room wherein the lady in whom all his thoughts were centred was struggling with death. Had she not indeed already passed away? The hours which immediately precede the dawn, he knew to be those wherein the vital forces, even of those in

health, sink to their lowest point. If she were to die, it was probable she was passing away now.

The suspense was maddening, but there was no relief. If the soul had indeed fled, candles would be burnt around the body, and watchers never leave it. Such was the custom, as he was aware, in this heathen land, as in his own Christian home. The presence of light could therefore give him no comfort. Hour after hour he watched, his excited brain ever more and more strongly leaning to the belief that the soul had passed beyond recall. The stillness was awful. No sound whatever was to be heard except the plashing of the fountain in the court, the shrill cry of the bats as they flitted overhead, hunting after moths, and the monotonous ticking of the great clock. Even that did not tell him the hours as they fled, for the Duke, with woman-like thoughtfulness, had ordered the striking-weight to be taken off, lest the noise should arouse the lady from her slumber. Sessos had not been told this, but he rightly divined the cause of silence. It was but a trivial act of courtesy, but now he felt more grateful than if a great kindness had been done to himself.

Sessos was not introspective. He had not acquired the habit, so fatal to restfulness, of taking his feelings to pieces and examining them bit by bit. He did not as yet realize how all the love of his soul was centred on that unknown object. Hour after hour he sat, with his eyes fixed on the windows. Suddenly the light of one of them was partially obscured. Two female forms stood between the window and the light. They were opposite each other, therefore were no doubt engaged in conversation. They had probably retired to the bay furthest from the sufferer's bed, that their whispers might not disturb her. From the graceful form of one of the shadows he felt sure that it was cast by Alé. A strong revulsion of feeling passed over him. He now felt sure that the lady still lived. He clasped his hands in prayerful gratitude. When he again raised his eyes, the shadows on the window were gone. Soon the grey light of a summer's dawn appeared in the east, the song of birds filled the air, and the doves descended in a flock to take their morning bath in the fountain. Among them was the beautiful black one with scarlet wings, said to have come from the cave, which, had he been a believer in folk-lore, he might have regarded as a messenger of the lady's approach—perhaps, if legends spoke true, a presage of her death. He watched the lovely creature

attentively and was surprised to see it leave its companions and perch on the sill of one of the windows of the lady's room. So disturbed were his faculties that, for a moment, the bird's action filled his heart with a strange misgiving.

The porter now flung open the castle gates, and in a short time the folding-doors of the hall opened, and servants were in every direction, busy with the work of morning.

Sessos dressed himself and strolled forth. The fresh morning air did him good. He now felt that the lady would recover on evidence quite as slight as that which had a little time ago all but convinced him that she was already dead. With a light step he climbed the hill above the castle and took a long, invigorating walk. On his return he found Renos, sitting on one of the ice-borne boulders, with which the neighbourhood was strewn, endeavouring to converse with one of the wild men. Renos had learned the Karese language, but had had few opportunities of speaking it ere he arrived in the ducal territories. He was endeavouring to make the savage understand the atrocity of the act of yesterday. The savage, on the other hand, was anxious to send some message to the Duke. What it was Renos did not in the least comprehend. When the Prince arrived, the wild creature said: "Tell the Duke that the headman who shot the spirit wishes to see him. If the Duke will not hurt him or his, he is to send to tell him so, to the big stone that is cleft in three pieces."

Sessos could not help looking on the poor creature with interested curiosity; his proud bearing showed that he was not conscious that a wrong had been done, while his question showed that he feared the Duke would take the civilized view of what had happened.

The Prince consented to bear the message, and hastened to find the Duke, whom he encountered near the gateway in conversation with the huntsman, the falconer, and other heads of departments in his great household. As soon as he saw Sessos drawing near, the Duke left his retainers, and drawing him apart, said: "I have good news. Alé has been with the poor girl all night; she has slept, though disturbedly. The Professor and our doctor have seen her and hope there may be no more bleeding."

"Then she will recover," exclaimed Sessos, with deep emotion.

"Yes, they all think so, I am sure," said the Duke, "but don't be too sanguine. I don't believe you've had a wink of

sleep all night, no more have I, but it doesn't do for a soldier like me to have his rest broken by one gunshot-wound. I lay awake, chuckling over the fun I shall have when I prove from the girl's own lips that what you, Alé, and the rest believe is all moonshine." He spoke lightly, but it was evident to Sessos that the kindly man had spent a night of trouble only second to his own.

"What selfish reason had you for causing the striking-weight to be taken off the clock?" inquired the Prince, with a smile.

"Oh, that's a bit of castle superstition I'll explain some time. We always do so when anybody is ill, but where have you been? Alé has been looking for you all over."

Sessos delivered the wild man's message and then, at once, went in search of Alé, whom he found in the hall.

"I thought this was the best place to wait for you," she said, with a bright smile. "I knew if you wanted any breakfast, you must come this way. You have been waylaid by my brother, I know, and he has told you the good news. He has been in as much sorrow as we have, but will not own it."

"He just said she had passed not a bad night and you hoped there would be no more bleeding; that was all," Sessos said, who was anxious for further details.

"She will get better, I am sure she will, if we can keep her quiet, and not let her excite herself about anything, and we can do that, she is so gentle and good. She has been quite sensible ever since daylight and has told me her name: it is Klemenke—what a sweet name, is it not? But what is the most wonderful thing, is that she addressed me as Lady Alé. How could she know my name? I am sure no one has told her. She is not a bit shy, and speaks our language quite as well as you do. There are so many things I want to ask her, but life depends on her being kept still. When she knew we were quite alone, she said: 'Do not ask me who I am or where I have come from. I will tell you when I am strong enough.' The Duchess is with her now. We shall never leave her for a moment alone to the care of the servants. The silly things are nearly as afraid of her as those horrid savages. I am sure now she is a Christian. I left her saying her beads. I hope they will send her to sleep again, and before she began she made a cross as I have seen you do. I wish you could see her. She is deadly pale, but so very, very beautiful."

This long and somewhat fragmentary discourse of Alé's was delivered as they walked down the gallery, where breakfast was served. There they found the Professor only. The Duke was engaged with a multiplicity of duties and did not appear. The man of science spoke hopefully of Klemenke's condition, but did not seem so fully assured that all must necessarily go well as the impulsive Alé. He should remain another day, he said, as there was still a chance of a relapse.

"I think I can furnish both the Prince and the Professor with some amusement, blended with instruction in the ways of savages, if they will join me in the hall when I send for them; you may come, too, Alé, if you like, but no one must speak. I am going to have an interview with the headman of these savages, the man who shot our guest," said the Duke, as he seated himself at the breakfast-table.

"I hope you will not punish him," said Alé, "and Klemenke has begged of me so earnestly to pray that you will not hurt him. She is sure he has made some shocking mistake, though she does not know why he did it. They are gentle creatures, who are carried away by fear and superstition. I am sure, if the circumstances could be explained, you would not wish to hurt them."

"Well, Alé," said the Duke, laughing, "I am of course anxious to oblige my sister and naturally desirous of gratifying a guest, but is it not expecting an extreme stretch of courtesy on my part that I should permit any of my people, however amiable and interesting you may find them, to use the bosoms of our lady visitors as targets for rifle practice?"

"You know how very ignorant the poor creatures are—they are sure she is an evil spirit—our handmaidens in the castle are really not very much wiser. There is not one of them that would not be afraid to be left alone with her. I am sure, if the Duchess or I were not always with Klemenke, she would not receive any attention whatever. They think all sorts of evil things will happen to us because she has come here," said Alé.

"That is because they are stupid enough to believe like you, Sessos, and the savages, that this young lady came through the hill. If I were as silly as you all are I should tremble like a withered leaf hanging on a tree in February. Who could tell she might not fly away with the castle, keep and all?" said the Duke, as he left the room.

A Letter from Mr. Oswald J. Simon.

To the Jesuit Fathers.

REVEREND DEAR SIRs,—In the course of the article which you have published in the current number of *THE MONTH*, on “The Jesuits and the Dreyfus Case,” you have alluded to a letter of mine which appeared in *The Times* of January 20th, and which was a criticism of one from Count de Mun that had appeared in *The Times* on January 17th. You have quoted some words of mine as though they had reference to the words of Count de Mun which you reprint, whereas my words referred to a sentence of Count de Mun which you have accidentally omitted. You write that “Mr. Oswald Simon comments on the last sentence as follows,” &c., the last sentence of Count de Mun which you produce being the one from which you have left out the words upon which I did comment. The words of the Count de Mun upon which I commented, and which are not reprinted in *The Month*, are: “They have all too, and at all times, been careful not to confound it in the least with Catholic actions, and above all with Catholic apostleship.” These were the “last words” of his sentence in respect to which I wrote what you have quoted, namely, “These last words can only be compared with the observation that some Catholics make when they attempt to defend the Inquisition,” &c. My point was obvious with the whole of the Count de Mun’s sentence before me, as I reproduced it in *The Times*—but with the omission of those words, the meaning is naturally obscured. All that you quote from that part of the Count de Mun’s letter is that the Jesuits of France gave to anti-Semitism a cold welcome or scant sympathy. If, as the Count de Mun informs us, that the Jesuits of France have been careful not to confound anti-Semitism with Catholic actions, and above all with Catholic apostleship, it shows clearly that, whilst French Jesuits are in sympathy with anti-Semitism, they are bidden to dissociate it from the religious teaching of the Catholic Church. This is precisely what some Catholics who approve of the Inquisition have said, namely, the *Church* did not burn people, it was the secular authority which burnt them. The parallel is complete. This is what I was told by a distinguished member of your own Order, namely, Father Humphrey, at a lunch-party at Balliol, to which you make another reference in that same article. I merely mention this now because some doubt appears to be thrown on

page 115 of your article as to the substantial accuracy of an account of what was said at that lunch-party mentioned elsewhere by one who was present. As, however, I was the person engaged in the conversation with Father Humphrey, it seems right to say that I have the most distinct recollection of what was said on that occasion both by Father Humphrey and myself, and I could name several friends who were also present and who recollect it. It was in the rooms of a friend named Vassall, who at that time was received into the Catholic Church.

Upon the general question of your article, I am glad that the English branch of the Church of Rome should feel it right to repudiate the idea that English Catholics could sympathize with the misdoings of French Catholics. As I stated in *The Times*, I have never been ready to believe that the Catholic Church anywhere in the present century was capable of engaging herself in a crusade against the Jews. On this account it appears unfortunate that you have not seen your way to denounce in stronger terms such miscreants in France as do profess the same faith as yourselves.

I have evidence before me that English Catholics condemn, as do all other Englishmen, the wickedness of the anti-Semitic agitation in France. It is therefore to be deplored that an article which speaks with complete authority on behalf of the English branch of your distinguished Order, should betray so much that is open to the construction that you imagine the French anti-Semites have any case at all. You seem to suppose, in the face of conclusive evidence to the contrary, that Dreyfus received a fair trial; and you speak of the "Syndicate" as though such a thing really existed, when the whole civilized world is aware that it is an invention of the evil machinations of the anti-Semitic party in France.

Not less surprise and pain are awakened by the following passage on page 121 of your article, implying that, after all, the Jews deserve their persecution, namely: "Still, the bare existence of such a common phrase as 'falling into the hands of the Jews' testifies to the extent to which members of that race engage in these nefarious practices, and how they contrive, step by step, to enrich themselves by pauperizing others." The existence of that phrase, one would have expected you to say, testifies to the extent of the diabolical hatred and persecution in which the Jewish race has been held.

What would you think if you read in a Jewish or Protestant publication that the bare existence of such a common adjective as the word "*Jesuitical*" testified to the extent to which your own religious Order, the Society of Jesus, were identified with all the evil attributes which that word is supposed to signify?

Upon reflection you will see, I feel convinced, that the cause of religion, with which the Catholic Church must be identified, cannot be advanced in England by any half-hearted treatment by representative Christians of this wholly un-Christian and fiendish move called anti-

Semitism. All communities, as you rightly observe, have among them some miscreants. The Jewish community never condones the misdeeds of persons of Jewish birth. Why should the Catholic Church condone M. Drumont, the Haaman of this generation? Why do you not boldly repudiate him, just as we do any notorious usurer? But the duty of doing so is even more paramount in your case. A usurer of Jewish birth is practically a renegade. He dare not pose as a conforming Jew. But some miscreants in France play the part of strict Catholics, conforming to their Church, and advocating its authority. The sermon preached against the Jews was delivered in the Madeleine Church by a Catholic priest on the 12th of December, Père Coubé. The Archbishop of Paris has not censured him—and in regard to that painful incident you are wholly silent in your article.

Organs of the Catholic Church in France are permitted to indulge in the most wicked incitements against the Jews. You say nothing about them. It is permitted in France to use the sacred formularies of the Catholic Church in connection with anti-Semitism. All this your article passes over in silence. In face of the violent conduct of those French anti-Semites who profess the Catholic faith, and who have even dared to identify the Church of Rome with it, there has appeared no reprimand from the Vatican.

The Catholic Church condemned the persecution of the Jews in Russia both in 1882 and 1890. But she has not yet condemned the persecution of the Jews in France and in French Algeria in 1898.

I know well that the Jews of England have, outside their community, spokesmen enough in our behalf if we needed them. The entire English population of every creed, including your own, would vindicate us. Nevertheless, as an English Jew, I could not read your article without this comment. It has given me considerable pain. If there were one person more than another who would have shared that sentiment, it would have been the ever lamented Cardinal Manning, your late Primate. With much personal regard,

I am, Reverend dear Sirs,

Yours faithfully,

12 February, 1899.

OSWALD JOHN SIMON.

EDITORIAL.—The article to which the above letter refers, was addressed, as was there said, not to "fanatics with whom it is hopeless to reason," but to "people of the class whose good opinion we should be sorry to lose." Mr. Oswald Simon is in a special sense one whom we should place in this category. His kindly feelings for Catholics are well known, and he has been the personal friend of many of them, including the late Cardinal Manning, to whom he was much attached, including also some members of the English Province of the Society. We are pained, therefore, that he should have found matter for such severe censure in what we wrote; and at the same time we thank him

for sending his letter to *THE MONTH*, rather than elsewhere, fully understanding that he has done this out of good-will.

We are quite aware he does not suspect ourselves of any anti-Semitic feelings, and we are quite sure we have none. For us the Jewish race must always be thought of as the race which God chose, and of which Christ came, the race too, whose ultimate reunion with our Church St. Paul has taught us to hope for. With such a race our desire is to cultivate relations of great cordiality, forgetting past animosities, and it is on these terms happily that we do live in this country. The attitude of English Jews to English Catholics, not only in Mr. Simon's case but generally, has been marked only by kindness.

With these feelings it was not likely that we should lapse into an opposite spirit in our article. Nor did we. Let us recall attention to the standpoint from which it was written. Persistent charges were being scattered that the Jesuits were implicated in the Dreyfus case, and were in fact working it. The idea was too absurd, and we should have left it alone had not letters reached us, saying that our silence was construed into a confession of guilt, and was doing much harm, by influencing even well-disposed persons. We then determined to vindicate our French brethren from the cruel charge. It was impossible to repel the charge satisfactorily without in some way describing the situation of French affairs out of which the pretext for the charge has been taken. Hence we were led to say something (as little as possible, for the subjects were hateful to us) of the Dreyfus case, and of the anti-Semite movement; and likewise something about the persistent persecution of the Church, the present charge against the Jesuits appearing to be an episode in this persecution. Were we in thus describing the situation bound to take a side in regard to the Dreyfus case and the anti-Semite movement? We cannot see that we were, and our entire solicitude was to be as neutral as possible in a matter in which our intrusion would be sure to be resented by one side or the other, and in which it certainly would have been impertinent to venture a judgment of our own without previous researches quite beyond our power. Accordingly, as may be seen, we were careful in our account of the situation to state nothing on our own responsibility, but to give the testimony of others for what it is worth. One thing only we gave as an admitted fact, deducing it from a common expression, and this Mr. Simon disputes. He says it is only calumny which speaks of the Jewish element among usurers as relatively large. If this can be shown, we shall find only a pleasure in acknowledging it. Perhaps, however, there is a misunderstanding. Mr. Simon, in a spirit with which we fully sympathize, protests that "a usurer of Jewish birth is practically a renegade," and ought not to be spoken of as a Jew. There is a difficulty certainly about the terminology, but as regards the fact, we ourselves drew the same distinction, and protested that it was "cruel and unchristian to class all Jews together, and visit with

animosity the whole race and each individual member of it on account of the methods pursued by a portion of their number." In face of such words we find it hard to understand how we can be credited with "implying that, after all, the Jews deserve their persecution."

But to come back to the general question, whether we were bound, if we ventured to dispel a false accusation against ourselves, to take sides in the movements now agitating France and denounce the "French Catholics," apparently as a body, as "miscreants." Mr. Simon's complaint is that we have not done this, but he must forgive us if we find it hard to listen patiently to such a complaint. If the term "Jew" needs distinguishing, as Mr. Simon has rightly distinguished it into practising Jews and renegades of Jewish race, so too does the term "anti-Semite." There is a degree of anti-Semitism which does not go beyond the persuasion that the Semites are capturing everything in the country by improper means, and that being animated by a spirit hostile to Christianity, they are using their power thus acquired to back up the anti-clerical persecution of the Catholics; and there is a degree of anti-Semitism which is prepared to go so far as to get up riots, resort to personal violence, and indulge in fiendish sentiments. There are many French Catholics, mixed up with many French non-Catholics, who are Semites in the first sense, but why are we to denounce them? That they are, and have been for a long time past, the victims of a most cruel persecution is only too manifest. They are now saying that Jews are predominant among their persecutors. As already stated, we can only report what is said; we have not the intimate knowledge of French affairs which alone would entitle us to interpose as judges. But if the facts are as they say, they are justified; if not, they are deluded; and even if deluded, it does not follow that they are "miscreants." If we take anti-Semitism in the second sense undoubtedly it is worthy of reprobation, and we do reprobate it with all our hearts. But we refuse to believe that practising Catholics belong to the class, and ask where is the evidence that they do such things? Mr. Simon points to M. Drumont and his subscribers; to religious journals like *Le Pelerin* and *La Croix*; and to Père Coubé's sermon. A word on each.

The sentiments expressed in M. Drumont's subscription list are indeed shocking, and Mr. Simon does not seem to have noticed that we said so in the article. But we refuse to recognize the anonymous utterers of these sentiments, or M. Drumont either, as practising Catholics. What they call themselves, we do not know; but we are confident that, if they tried to approach the sacraments, apart from repentance, they would not be admitted to absolution by any priest aware of what they had done. Next, as to the language of *La Croix* and *Le Pelerin*. Those papers are religious organs, at least, religious papers, which *La Libre Parole* is not, but the case of their managers is different. We ourselves know of their language only from the extracts in Mr. Conybeare's

article in the February *National Review*, and our feeling is, that we should like to have more of the context and less of Mr. Conybeare's dots of omission and colouring summaries. He can say, for instance, that according to an article in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, "it is on the whole better not to kill Jews or send them into exile," when what that article really said was that to send them into exile or take away their goods, as a certain writer had proposed (of killing them there had been no suggestion), was "neither practical, nor just, nor Christian." The summaries, selections, and omissions of such a man one profoundly distrusts, and one can conjecture contexts to his quotations that would essentially alter the impression which, as given in his pages, they produce. Bearing this in mind, we cannot find in his extracts from *La Croix* and *Le Pelerin* "incitements" to personal violence. What we do find, however, is a panic-stricken condition, and a violence of rhetorical language which can only subserve one purpose, that of playing into the hands of the anti-clericals, and must be infinitely painful to peaceable, quiet-living Catholics. Père Coubé is described by Mr. Simon as "preaching against the Jews," in using which phrase he seems to have in mind, not the text of the sermons, but Mr. Conybeare's statement that "for an hour he assailed the Jews with every formula of opprobrium dear to their mediæval oppressors." Had his addresses been such it is not likely that M. Drumont, who had come to the Madeleine in hopes of hearing something he could utilize in his campaign, would have gone away disappointed, saying it was an *occasion manquée*. Père Coubé was not "preaching against the Jews." He was preaching a course, the object of which was to demonstrate the truth of the Catholic Church by comparing it with the other great historical religions of the world. It is a well-known theological argument, and some discussion of the Jewish religion has a necessary place in it. As for the sermons devoted to this topic, there were several phrases in them which we owe it to ourselves to say are just the phrases we should have tried to avoid, especially at this time, phrases forgetful of the personal distinctions among Jews, and expressive of the persuasion that Jews are always the active enemies of Christianity; and in particular there was a passage quoted second-hand from some spurious account of the words of a fictitious English Rabbi, which we trust the preacher will retract if he publishes his sermons. But there were also touching passages about the Divine election of Israel, about its ancient glories, and our hopes of its eventual return to the Church, passages, too, about the present duty of distinguishing between the error and those who hold it, and treating the latter always with justice and charity. We give this as the impression of a Protestant lady who went to hear the preacher in the full expectation that she would hear an inflammatory address against the Jews.

There are several other things in Mr. Simon's letter on which we should like to comment as containing misapprehensions. But the

letter reached us too late, and we have no more space. Besides, the subject is most unpleasant. It is particularly necessary, however, to correct the misapprehension with which his letter starts. On p. 126 of our article we quoted a passage from the Count de Mun's letter to *The Times*, but left out its concluding words, "They have all too at all times been careful not to confound it (namely, anti-Semitism) with Catholic actions [the French original shows it should be "action"], and above all with Catholic apostleship." The omission was accidental, not intentional, but did not affect the argument as it ran in the text. Still a comment on Mr. Simon's letter to *The Times* (of January 20), in which he criticizes the Count de Mun's words, was appended by us as a footnote to our quotation from the Count, and Mr. Simon complains that by our omission of the Count's concluding words, just given, we rendered his criticism obscure. We see now that we did, and apologize to him. But the fact is we misunderstood his criticism because we never suspected he was misunderstanding the Count as he has done. He gets out of the Count's words that "whilst French Jesuits are in sympathy with anti-Semitism, they are bidden to dissociate it from the religious teaching of the Catholic Church." By what process of thought he gets this out of the words we cannot for the life of us imagine, and certainly if the Count had meant that he would have meant what is not true. But the Count did not mean that. What he meant was that all, even those who join in the anti-Semitic campaign, which the Jesuits do not, regard it as an economical and political, not a religious, movement. And this is important. Of course if a man does a wrong action, he cannot excuse himself by saying he does it as a politician, not as a Christian or a Catholic. But it does make a considerable difference whether a movement, like anti-Semitism, is a religious movement against the Jew on account of his religion, and drawing its inspiration from the Catholic Church—a religious persecution, in other words—or whether it is a movement against him by those—whether Catholics or anti-Catholics—who, rightly or wrongly, have persuaded themselves that he is an economical or political offender. It is because we perceived ourselves, and thought others perceived, that this was the distinction the Count wished to draw, that we could not conceive how Mr. Simon found a parallel between it and the opinion, certainly very untenable, about the Church's non-responsibility for the doings of the Inquisition, which he ascribes to some Catholics.

Just one word more about the story of Father Humphrey's supposed truculent sentiments at the luncheon-party. Mr. Simon says that Mr. Conybeare's account is "substantially true." But we think he will agree with what we have learnt from the private testimony of one who was there and remembers. It is that all present understood clearly that Father Humphrey was only chaffing, and did not mean to be taken, and was not taken, seriously. In other words, Mr. Conybeare's account was "substantially" untrue.

Reviews.

I.—THE TRUE JOAN OF ARC.¹

WHEN Mr. Andrew Lang played off his elaborate little mystification upon the literary world in the form of a Joan of Arc romance, he was building, as he believed, upon a genuine foundation of history. The chronicle of Pluscarden is real enough, whether its author be Maurice Drummond or a nameless "Monk of Fife," and the said author undoubtedly avers in the Latin chronicle that he saw and was conversant with the "marvellous maid," that he was in her company in the reconquest of France, and that "till her life's end he was ever present with her." In the fourth volume of his monumental work, *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*, Father Ayroles goes over very much the same ground as Mr. Andrew Lang had covered in his charming romance. *La Vierge Guerrière* is the sub-title which the French Jesuit has chosen for this important instalment of his vindication. Needless to say that the military aspects of the Maid's career are dealt with throughout these six hundred pages with the same perfect mastery of detail, and the same enthusiastic veneration for his heroine, which are familiar to the readers of Father Ayroles' earlier volumes. Here, as before, he has striven to gather up every fragment of evidence, native and foreign, regarding the campaign of Orleans and subsequent events down to the time when the dungeon gates closed upon her at Rouen. With regard to the chronicler of Pluscarden, Father Ayroles does not share Mr. Andrew Lang's real or affected enthusiasm. Indeed, he insinuates that when the Scotch chronicler claimed to have lived in the company of Jeanne, and to have been associated with her in the very last scene of all, he was himself romancing freely with the object of increasing his own importance. Certain it is, that the monk of Fife—we mean the author of the chronicle, not Mr. Lang's delightful

¹ *La Vraie Jeanne d'Arc*. Vol. iv. *La Vierge Guerrière*. Par J. B. Ayroles, S.J. Paris: Rondelet, 1898.

creation, Norman Leslie—falls into very astonishing blunders concerning events which must have happened almost under his very eyes. For instance, as Father Ayroles points out, he represents the Duke of Bedford as dying of leprosy at Rouen shortly after the victory of Verneuil, telling us moreover that Salisbury succeeded Bedford in the command, and was himself replaced by Suffolk. All the things tend very considerably to take the edge off our regret for the loss of the missing chapters of the Book of Pluscarden. If the manuscript of the Scots College had really come to light, we should probably have had no Norman Leslie—in our humble judgment a very bad and unprofitable exchange.

In dealing with the military aspects of the Maid's career, Father Ayroles is naturally led to discuss some of the most difficult and keenly debated questions regarding her mission. The sword, the banner, and above all, the male attire, played a conspicuous part in the interrogatories of her trial, and were made the principal foundation of the sentence pronounced against her. The author, while promising a fuller treatment of the subject in his forthcoming volume, does well to point out how very little Jeanne seemed herself to make of the change of raiment, and how she referred the whole matter simply to the will of God mysteriously made known to her.

Those who have the privilege of Father Ayroles' personal acquaintance, speak of him as a man of warm feelings in regard to all things in which he takes a special interest, from Bossuet to Jeanne d'Arc. We have been a little bit tempted to regret at times the hard measure which he metes out, in this and former volumes, to such writers as M. Fabre and M. Siméon Luce. No doubt their persistent scepticism in the face of the supernatural is very provoking, and there are times when it is difficult to believe them to be quite honest and straightforward in their treatment of the evidence; but it seems to us that Father Ayroles' exposure of the weakness of his opponent's case would gain very much rather than lose by retrenching some of the *gros mots* with which he is lavish. There is no need to talk of blasphemy and hatred, because a man like M. Siméon Luce, hard pressed by evidence for the supernatural which goes sadly against the grain with him, shuffles rather lamely out of his difficulties.

We have given but a very poor idea of the many important topics discussed by Father Ayroles, and of the

interesting documents connected with the Maid which he has gathered from all possible quarters. Very curious, for instance, is the allusion to Jeanne, found in the writings of the famous Dominican, John Nider, author of the *Malleus Maleficarum*, the Hammer of Witches. While attributing the success of the Maid to her association with the evil one, he bears witness, at the same time, to the supernatural character of the work accomplished by her, and seems himself to have had some hesitation in making up his mind. After mentioning one or two other cases which he regards as similar to hers, of women travelling out of their proper sphere through some diabolical delusion, he concludes in words that remind us of the little girl in the nursery rhyme, by insisting that there are just three things in the world which, "when they are good, they are very good, and when they are bad, they are horrid." They are : women, ecclesiastics, and that university of iniquity, the tongue. And thereupon Nider sets seriously to work to prove his proposition in due scholastic form.

Father Ayroles' volume is admirably printed, and is enriched with an excellent map containing three smaller plans inset. On the other hand, we have noticed several misprints, particularly in the case of English names. Thus, on p. 300, we have "Skane" three times over for Skene, "l'abbé Dumferling" for the Abbot of Dunfermline, and "Buchanam" for Buchanan.

2.—MORAL THEOLOGY.¹

Father Tepe's volumes on Dogmatic Theology (*Institutiones Theologicæ*), which have been very favourably received, are now supplemented by two volumes on Moral Theology. This subject-matter is wont in the school-room to fall a victim to the exigencies of time, and is not usually taught separately after the searching scholastic method, but in a more summary way along with the application of its principles to concrete cases in the Casuistry Classes. Though in most seminaries inevitable, this method is attended with a serious loss, and the more enterprising students often express a desire to study Moral principles more thoroughly. Father Tepe now comes to their aid with the clear arrangement, limpid style, and sound

¹ *Institutiones Theologicæ Moralis Generalis*. Auctore G. Bernardo Tepe, S.J. Two vols. Paris : Lethielleux.

doctrine which has already won him so much praise. It is not necessary to describe the contents of these volumes, for they are sufficiently known to students, being the same as are found in ordinary treatises of Moral Theology, at the heads of the sections. But we may call attention to the admirable Table of Contents and Index, which give the treatise a special value. For instance, in the Table of Contents we find :

Legislator potest condere leges pure pœnales, quæ videlicet ad actum ponendum vel omittendum obligant sub sola comminatione pœna temporalis, non vero sub culpa.

Scholion 1.—Dantur de facto aliquæ leges pure pœnales.

Scholion 2.—Lex quæ dicitur pure pœnalis, obligat in conscientia ad subeundam pœnam.

Scholion 3.—Lex pure pœnalis ab aliis legibus potest discerni ex intentione legislatoris.

Scholion 4.—Determinatur pœna, ad quam subeundam lex pœnalis obliget ante vel post judicis sententiam.

Scholion 5.—Explicatur quo sensu ignorantia excuset a pœna.

With such tables as these not only is the learner assisted in his first approach to the questions treated, but a priest in active work can readily refresh his memory of things learnt in the school-room.

3.—THE TWO STANDARDS.¹

The author of the *New Antigone* could not possibly fail to produce a novel which should give abundant evidence of unusual literary and dramatic power. But, as so commonly happens, the desire to equal and if possible to surpass a former success, has made itself felt here in a certain laboriousness and undue emphasis of those features which lent to the *New Antigone* its chief attraction; and the result is a work which at times reaches, and even rises above, the highest mark attained in its predecessor, but is on the whole inferior in merit. Undoubtedly, had the volume been reduced in bulk by one-third of its present dimensions, it might have gained in unity and simplicity of structure, and have more easily maintained a higher level of excellence. Frankly written with a purpose or purposes other than "art for its own sake," it in many ways subordinates and sacrifices artistic considerations to opportunities

¹ *The Two Standards*. By the author of the *New Antigone*. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1899.

of dilating on social abuses, on the insincerity of conventional Christianity, on the decay of musical and literary perception, and other themes about which the author thinks clearly and feels deeply. If to give pleasure, rather than to disseminate views, however good or sound, be the artist's aim, the author in some places seems to us to be a propagandist first and an artist afterwards, using literary pleasure as a sugar-coating for his doctrinal pills.

The main interest centres round the interior awakening and growth of a naturally sincere and vigorous character—the daughter of a careless Low Church parson and his ultra-puritanical wife, both specimens of a nearly extinct type; yet wisely chosen as influences diametrically antagonistic to those under which alone a soul like Marian Greystoke's can unfold what is best in it. Even if Mrs. Greystoke is to be regarded as an extreme, something perhaps of a caricature, rather than as a type, yet she better serves the author's purpose as emphasizing principles which others are more secretly governed by to the hurt of the young who are at their mercy. The aggressive puritanism of Mrs. Greystoke produces more violently and rapidly on her daughter's peculiarly fine-tempered soul, the effect which is slowly and insidiously produced on thousands of young persons by less pronounced applications of the same methods.

Youth, or rather Nature in youth, will, one way or another, rise in vengeance against the injustice inflicted on it by enforced monotony, by an unintelligent and unwilling subjection to the restraints of a religion whose excellence lies precisely in the fact that it makes self-restraint intelligible, welcome, and spontaneous. If the service of God is made burdensome and all unlovely to the young, what wonder if there comes a period of revolt, if injured nature cries out and rebels! The *Two Standards* is the history of Marian Greystoke's revolt, and of her gradual reduction to a state of moral equilibrium and spiritual health. Doubtless, some will be aggrieved that she did not eventually become a Catholic; but that would have been the issue of an entirely different line of development from the one which the author has chosen to follow up, and which would have been obscured and confused by the mingled history of a totally different mental process.

4.—THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE.¹

We protest against the notion that a novel with a purpose should be regarded as a sort of literary solecism. Still, if moral, social, or religious lessons are to be conveyed under the palatable form of a romance, that form is a legitimate though secondary object of criticism. In spite of the author's really unusual literary talent, the *Triumph of Failure* regarded as a work of art is vitiated by many blemishes. The cheap and awkward device of having recourse to rhapsodies, monologues, and even visions in order to "get through" certain processes of mental development which were better simply indicated by the movement of the plot, is one we are too familiar with in third-rate melodrama; and which might have been avoided but for the desire to compress more matter into the volume than it could possibly hold. The writer, it must be owned to his credit, scarcely ever actually offends us by that grandiloquent effusiveness and unreserve which is the besetting sin of Anglo-Irish literature, the offspring of a too luxuriant imagination exempt from the chastening influence of academic criticism. Yet, if he does not often cross the line of reserve, he keeps uncomfortably near to it. His sudden lapse from the narrative to the dramatic form, in the chapter called *Tableaux vivants*—a form however in which he shows even greater skill—may serve as an example of that light-hearted contempt of literary conventions which marks, and to some extent mars, the whole work. So much premised, lest our commendations should be thought fatuous and one-sided, we can now express very warm sympathy with this most thoughtful and profitable book. It abounds in good things worth writing down and remembering; and as a plea for Catholic, as opposed to irreligious culture, it is powerful and not easily resistible. In brief, it deals principally with the deliverance of an intelligent and high-minded soul from the snare of a somewhat priggish intellectualism into the liberty of the Catholic Faith—all but abandoned for a time, yet now resumed with a new and deepened comprehension. This redemption is brought about not by any subtle dialectic, not by communion with books, but by healthy contact with humanity in its weakness and strength, its joys and its sorrows. "If there is aught we

¹ *The Triumph of Failure.* By Rev. P. A. Sheehan. London: Burns and Oates, 1899.

cannot see from the window of contemplation, we must go out of ourselves through the door of action;" we must change ourselves and our standpoint. It is by action, not by speculation, that God is apprehended and united to the soul in this life. That is the lesson implicitly taught by the *Triumph of Failure*. The whole book breathes a spirit of that high and noble enthusiasm for the cause of God, which the Catholic Faith alone can engender in those who are capable of it; while the liberal breadth of the author's views on all the problems he deals with, leaves nothing to be desired.

5.—POSITION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.¹

In *The Position of the Church of England*, the Bishop of London answers a question which his experience told him was perplexing to many members of his Church. "I know the claim of the Church of Rome—that it is a universal and divinely-appointed institution to which all must belong. I know the claim of the Greek Church, that it preserves the Catholic Faith, and sets it forth in ancient forms, intelligible to simple people. I do not know any corresponding formula to describe the position of the Church of England." Three answers he finds current in his communion: one, that its system is that of continental Protestantism partially arrested: another, that it is the Church of the middle ages somewhat mutilated: a third, that it is a compromise between two opposite tendencies of religious thought. He cannot himself accept any one of these theories, but contends that it is a Church founded on the principle of sound learning. What the Bishop means is that its system is not a compound of incompatibles, but a harmonious whole, embodying just those points which have stood and can stand the test of sound learning. The criticism here would seem to be that he begs the question, all communions appealing to the principle of sound learning in their support, and the Anglican system not always coming out the best from its intellectual encounters. But Bishop Creighton settles down into the more modest position that Anglicanism only asserts doctrines hardly controverted by competent scholars, and differs from other Churches in not carrying its obligatory conditions further. Even this will not be generally conceded to him, but he passes from it to

¹ *Position of the Church of England*. Delivered at Ruridiaconal Conferences. By the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, Lord Bishop of London. London: Longmans.

take up his attitude towards the controversies at present agitating the Anglican body. They arise, he thinks, from the effort to claim Church authority for points which are not determinable by sound learning. Bishop Creighton is here, as ever, fresh and suggestive; and can put his case effectively. He has too some useful passages about the nature of dogma, and about the charge against the mediæval Church of seeking only to establish a priestly domination.

6.—CAMBRIDGE CONFERENCES.¹

Father Joseph Rickaby's two volumes of Oxford Conferences are well known. This scholastic year he has been the Lecturer at Cambridge, and the volume before us, which is in a paper cover of Cambridge Blue, is the fruits of his labours during the Michaelmas term. The subject chosen is the Christian Life. To his young hearers Father Rickaby recommends the pursuit of an ideal—"Form your ideal, and strive to attain it as nearly as possible." After contending that the ideal of the Christian Life as it is set before us by revelation is possible of attainment, he shows how it combines in itself all that Reason as well as Faith can propose to us of high and glorious, both for the individual and for society. No subject could be more appropriate for those to whom life is opening out. There are so many of our young people now-a-days to whom apparently it does not occur to take things seriously. They waste their time and their means, and consume their energies in the pursuit of pleasure and amusement. Perhaps it is partly because we do not sufficiently hold before them the attractiveness of a high ideal, for they have generous impulses if only they be evoked.

7.—POEMS.²

Poems is a little collection of verses on religious subjects by a young writer who shows good promise. She has imagination and delicacy of expression at her command, and she has sought to place them at the service of those who find religious poetry a help in elevating their thoughts. Father Reginald Buckler,

¹ *Cambridge Conferences*, delivered to the Catholic Undergraduates of the University of Cambridge. Michaelmas term, 1898. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. 1s.

² *Poems*. By Olive Katharine Farr (Mary Aquinas, T.O.S.D.). With Preface by Father Reginald Buckler, O.P. London: Washbourne, 1899.

who writes a Preface, judges "every poem here (as) of special worth," and his judgment is not without some foundation. The fiercer crises of the spiritual life, such as arise in the hours of deep sorrow or perplexity, she leaves alone—and rightly, for a poet is at his best when he speaks out of his personal experiences, not his inferences. But she can write dainty little poems on themes suggested by the experiences of a quiet Catholic life. The Blessed Sacrament seems her favourite theme, and to it, under whatever title, she usually finds herself returning. Indeed, *Poems on the Blessed Sacrament* would have been a correct and also a more distinctive title. We may give the following sonnet as a specimen. It is *Distractions in Prayer*, a metaphor.

The river rises 'mid the verdant hills,
 With deep desire to reach its home, the sea's
 Blue waters : but the fragrant sun-kissed leas
 Allure it from its course ; and earthward thrills
 The lark's loud, liquid melody that stills
 All things to listen ; then it needs must stray
 Beside a farm to watch the lambs at play.
 Anon it glides to lie in wanton ea-e
 Beneath caressing willow, while the herds
 Wind slowly down across the hills to drink
 Its clear, cool waters, and the wild wood-birds
 Bathe in the shallow pools along the brink ;
 And tho' the river strays by field and tree,
 It turns at last and finds its home, the sea.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Recent Object Lessons in Penal Science (Waterlow Brothers), is by Mr. A. R. Whiteway. It calls attention to the defects in our methods of dealing with criminals, and offers some suggestions for reform. It is an interesting subject, and is treated in an interesting way. It is certainly a fact that imprisonment fails of its purpose if that purpose is remedial, and indeed the prisoner often goes out even worse than when he entered. It seems clear too that imprisonment under its present conditions is not calculated to reform. The chaplain is the only person appointed to appeal to the man's better nature, and the chaplain cannot be with him often. But what is to be done? Mr. Whiteway

suggests a few things—some perhaps not very practical, as that philanthropic visitors should be admitted to the prisoners, that the food should be improved, and the libraries; and he even questions whether, except in very refractory cases, imprisonment is not altogether a mistake. Possibly some day a satisfactory alternative system will be discovered, and it is well, therefore, that minds should be encouraged to pursue the subject.

Messrs. Grant and Co., of Edinburgh, under the title of *Secondary Education in England and Wales*, have published, together with a forecast of the Bills of 1899, which we fancy is a little too previous, some useful documents bearing on this topical question. Chief among them are the Recommendations of the Royal Commission.

Dr. Horton, when brought to book by Mr. Britten for his unfounded charge that we deify the Pope, is wont to complain that we do not touch his arguments as a whole. He can make that complaint no longer. His chapters on *Catholic Truthfulness* have been dealt with by Father Sydney Smith in a tract noticed last month; and his chapters on *Romanism and National Decay*, are now dealt with by Mgr. Vaughan in *National Decay and Romanism*, published by the Art and Book Company. By *National Decay*, Dr. Horton means, though in words he denies it, decay of temporal prosperity, of material wealth and power; and this is also meant by certain dignitaries, like Dr. Welldon. Mgr. Vaughan joins issue with them all, and has an easy task in confronting them with the words of Scripture, which do not hold up exactly that ideal—for instance, in the Beatitudes—for the followers of Christ to pursue. He puts, too, and answers the pertinent question whether material prosperity has always been on the side of truth. The tract is forcibly written, and should do much good.

Father Charles Raymond-Barker, S.J., has published an *Ave Maria* and a *Salve Regina* (Novello). The music is simple, straightforward, and melodious, and will give pleasure, though perhaps the harmonies of sound have not much strength of conception in them. Mr. W. H. Grattan Flood, the organist of Enniscorthy Cathedral, sends the third edition of his *Mass of St. Aidan*. It is published by the composer himself, and is dedicated to the Bishop of Ferns. It is for four voices in condensed score, and is capable of being sung without accompaniment. It is thus intended for the smaller churches, to which it may be cordially recommended. Its music is sound

and distinctive, and it does what Church music should do, adapts itself everywhere to the words, and is well calculated to assist devotion. It has, we believe, received several encomiums.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (February.)

Freedom of Thought and Freedom of Teaching. *R. Von Nostitz-Rieneck.* The Gunpowder Plot Controversy. *O. Pfülf.* The Upper Nile and its Exploration. *J. Schwartz.* The Anarchists' Great Exhibition. *S. Von Dunin-Borkowski.* The San-José Lady Bird. *E. Wasmann.* The Symbolism of Mediæval Work of Art. *Stephen Beissel.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (February.)

The Granting of the Portiuncula Indulgences in the Light of Critical Research. *Dr. N. Paulus.* The Mass in Germany during the Middle Ages. *Dr. A. Franz.* Dom Luigi Tosti, Abbot of Montecassino. *Dr. A. Bellesheim.* Gothein's Caricatures of Saints. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 4 and 18.)

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